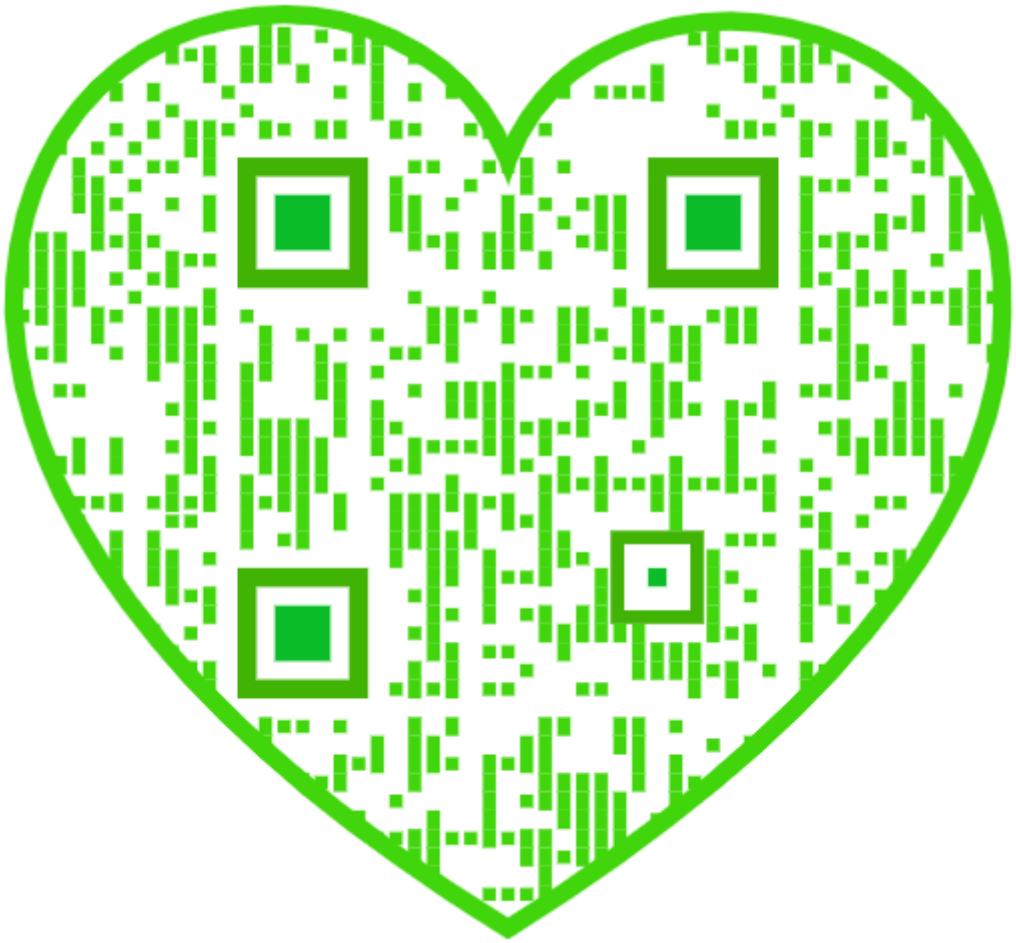

Mrs Thompson

With the Compliments

of the Author

Dec 25th 1880.

IN MAINE LAKES;

OR,

BY

CHARLES W. STEVENS.

"God made the country, and man made the town." — COWPER.

FRANKLIN PRESS: RAND, AVERY, & CO.

To the best of listeners, the kindest of critics, who for many years has shared with me the cares and comforts of a happy home, and who has been my fond companion in my journeyings to lake and stream; in memory of many pleasant hours passed in canoe and camp, this book is affectionately dedicated.

C. W. S.

WHY.

"Of the making of books," said a sacred writer, "there is no end." Possibly the desire to make one myself arose from the fact that I have taken so much mental recreation in writing these sketches, thus renewing past enjoyments, and indulging anticipations of their repetition in the future.

A part of the contents, through heavy bribes and friendly editors, have found their way into the columns of the press, though I have never learned that the sale of the respective papers has thereby been visibly increased.

As this book has been written by one daily engaged in the cares and perplexities of a mercantile life, I hope that it may escape, if noticed at all, harsh

criticism. To claim for it any thing more than a description of a sportsman's pleasures, by a keen lover of nature, would be magnificently absurd.

To the many friends who have encouraged this publication, I know that its pages will sometimes be welcome.

To those who have visited and enjoyed the localities it describes, I hope it may be. If it should call up to all who may read it some happy remembrances of the past, the why and the wherefore will have been accomplished.

THE AUTHOR.

BOSTON, August, 1879.

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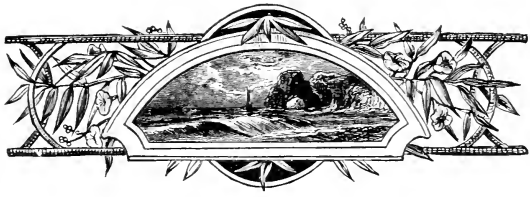


Fly-Fishing in Maine Lakes.

CHAPTER I.

STARTING.

"He was a very good sort of a man, but he had a weakness for going a-fishing."

If he who made this remark, in speaking of one who had departed this life, had profited by the lessons of the New Testament, he might have surmised that perhaps the Master gave evidence of superior wisdom in selecting his disciples, not from those who bought and sold, and would fain have pursued their mercenary traffic within the sacred walls of the temple, but from those of an humble calling, that hardy race of men who "go down to

the sea in ships," and who were wont to cast their nets in the blue waters of the Galilee.

"But, my dear sir," say you, "that was their business, and not a pastime."

"True enough; but do you not believe that there was something in the very nature of their calling that especially fitted them for the great work they were to perform?"

"Well, admit it, for the sake of the argument: what then?

"Simply this: if the life of a fisherman has that about it that provokes a healthy body and a noble soul, is it a weakness for us to choose for a recreation, and love it too, that which brings us into a more intimate communion with nature, and teaches us to look up with feelings of reverence and love, from the most beautiful of created things, to Him that has created them?"

Oh, yes, my friend! if I could only make you appreciate the true delights of the angler's pastime as I feel it, there would be less of the fashionable watering-place sojournings, I warrant you. "Come," said I to one who could not find an opportunity to leave his business for more than two or three days at a time, "come with me: leave these piles of brick and mortar for a couple of weeks at least, and inhale the pure air of the mountains; wander

beside sparkling rivulets; learn a little of the fisher's art, and enjoy his homely fare, his hours of ease and nights of rest; and go back to business with renewed vitality, delightful recollections, and a longer lease of life." And so at last, after much converse, I prevailed upon my friend, and aroused some faint enthusiasm for the excursion. And oh! how I have heard the young man "enthuse" since that time over the remembrance of that vacation and several others of like nature which we have passed together!

I had chosen a new locality. Having fished Moosehead and other smaller Maine lakes with success, I had decided to try the Umbagog waters, and for seven successive seasons, a part with the friend above referred to, have I cast my flies upon the bosom of those charming lakes; and, with all respect to brother Murray, a most delightful region have I found it. Naturally the outfit of our party fell upon myself, and after-experiences have taught me much in that respect; and, were I writing for novices, I might give some valuable hints in that direction, — a few perhaps, as it is, may not come amiss. And, first of all, wherever you may go for trout, in June or July, take with you a goodly quantity of black-fly poison. I have used several kinds; but decidedly the best I have found is prepared by

Dr. Almy, corner of Tremont and School Streets, Boston. A dollar box will suffice for one person for a three-weeks' trip: it is perfectly harmless, and to me rather agreeable than otherwise. Now take a pair of long stockings, cut off the end of the foot, make a hole for the thumb, and slip them on the hand as you would a mitt, securing them at the elbows with an elastic, and you are prepared to resist those accompaniments to good fishing, black flies and mosquitoes, which abound where there are trout to be taken. A piece of mosquito-netting usually comes in play for night service. These three articles I consider indispensable, and should as soon think of going on a cruise without an extra rod as to leave one of these behind. For the rest of your outfit, should some novice peruse this sketch, I would refer him to "The Fishing Tourist," by Charles Hallock, one of the most sensible books on fishing that I have ever read.

My journal says it was "Monday evening on the 6th of June, 18—," that a hack might have been seen being driven down to Central Wharf, Boston, on its way to the Portland boat; on the back seat my better half (she goes a-fishing) and myself; on the front seat our new acquisition to the disciples of Walton, not yet fully convinced, and wondering if he could get a lemon on board in case of sea-

sickness; while inside and out were numerous packages and portmanteaus which go to make up a fisherman's outfit.

The voyage to Portland by steamboat, on a starlight night, with a soft westerly wind and a smooth sea, is not an extra hazardous one, nor does it admit of any glowing imagery of description. Charlie didn't need his lemons, so that first conundrum of his was never solved. We chatted on the after-deck, of our happy exodus, and speculated on coming enjoyments, till one by one our fellow-passengers had retired and we held full possession; then Charlie insisted that I should sing "The morning light is breaking," which I kindly did, although I could hardly see the appropriateness of the selection, saving its being the only secular piece I do sing: however, it served to stir up things a little, for, before I commenced on the second line, my wife and Charles bade me good-night, and left me to finish my hymn to the mermaids.

It always did take my wife a long time to let down her back hair: so I lit a fresh cigar, and gazed off upon the "moonlit waves" (copied by permission). I had finished my cigar, and still sat gazing far away to where Thacher lights were gleaming in the distance, when a different kind of smoke from that in which I had been indulging invaded my

nostrils, — a sort of cross between a burning bed-blanket and a piece of burned leather. Now, a smoke usually proceeds from a fire; and a fire on a steamboat outside of its own legitimate domains, unless it be at the end of a cigar or in the bowl of a pipe, is not a thing to be especially desired, and the more I snuffed the stronger grew the smell: so up I got, and proceeded on a tour of investigation, through the saloon, down between decks, forward and aft. For five crowded minutes, accompanied by one of the officers of the boat, to whom I communicated my suspicions, and who divided with me the honors of the smell, did I search for that fire; when suddenly I felt something hot drop upon a bald spot I wear on the top of my head. Now surely there was cause for alarm: taking off my hat, a felt one, the origin of the fire was found; a spark from the smoke-stack had lodged upon the crown of my hat, and committed an act of incendiarism. Rather ludicrous it seemed to strike my friends, but I was never able to see the joke in the same *light* which they did. Why should I? I told my wife, as I climbed into the upper berth, that it was a serious subject: the boat might have been on fire; and, giving a final twist to her locks, that woman who had sworn to "love, honor, and obey," "and all that sort of thing," actually laughed. I always get the

better of that back hair in the morning, and usually enjoy about forty winks while it is being tortured into shape ; but this morning the boat's crew seemed to take especial delight in banging away below us, while above our heads the water-bucket and the broom were doing active service. Sleep after four o'clock was under these circumstances something which the inventor of, probably not having been similarly situated, had neglected to provide for ; and therefore we did the next best thing, — lay awake till a reasonable hour for getting up arrived, and the colored cabin-boy had notified us by numerous knocks upon our stateroom-door that our absence would not be seriously missed. We then held a council of war, and decided to dress — one at a time, as the limited capacity of our room did not admit of much sociability in that proceeding. Our toilets completed, we were met in the saloon by Charlie, who confessed to a good night's rest and a prodigious desire for breakfast. Proceeding to the wharf, we were met by a most gentlemanly person, who kindly proposed to take us in his carriage to the Falmouth Hotel or to any other place in the "natural seaport" which we might wish to visit. In fact, I think we must have been looked upon as rather important personages, as several gentlemen joined him in offering the use of their carriages :

we, however, accepted the first invitation, and were soon enjoying a splendid breakfast with mine host Wheeler at the Falmouth.

The train on the Grand Trunk on which we were to leave for Bryant's Pond Station not leaving until two o'clock, we had abundant opportunity to enjoy a drive about the beautiful city of Portland; the Promenade (so called) around Munjoy Hill giving us a fine view of Casco Bay with its numerous islands, and that around Bramhall's Hill, at the western extremity of the city, a view of the surrounding country with the tall peaks of the White Hills in the far distance for a background.

Two o'clock, and away we go. "All aboard," has been shouted by our veteran conductor (Gould); and a dejected old gentleman views with despair his trunk — which he has neglected to check — on the platform, as we pass out of the depot. Just a glimpse of the mammoth pier which was built for the "Great Eastern," when she should make the "natural seaport" her first port of entry, but which time never came; a glance at the new marine hospital at Westbrook, with White Head towering up in the distance, — and we are rattling off into a charming country, dotted here and there with such farm-houses as only one can see in New England, from the window of a railroad-car.

"Goin' a-fishin?" accompanied with a poke on my left shoulder, drew my attention from a pretty farm-picture on which I was gazing, to a rural specimen of the *genus homo* on the seat behind me. "What der yer 'spect ter ketch?"

"Any thing, sir, that will rise to a fly; wouldn't object to a salmon, but will be content with a trout."

"Rise to a fly! guess if they rise to flies you'll see lots of fish."

"Oh! then trout are plenty this season, are they?"

"Don't know nothing about trout, but flies air. Where yer from?"

"Boston."

"Where yer going?"

"Upper Dam, Richardson Lake."

"Sho! she going too?"

"Yes."

"Fishing?"

"Certainly."

"Gosh! cummin' all the way from Boston to go a fishin'. Not in them clo'es, is she?"

We explained that our fishing-outfit was quite different from our present dress, and that we were accustomed to roughing it. The idea of our "cummin' all the the way from Boston to go

a-fishin', and she goin' too," so impressed the old gentleman that he lapsed into profound meditation, and we heard nothing more from him till we stepped from the car at Bryant's Pond, when I overheard him say to an old lady opposite, —

"Jess think of it! he said they'd come all the way from Boston to go a-fishin'."

The stage-coach — that old-fashioned, charming vehicle of locomotion which we had been advised would be in waiting to take us to Andover — greeted our vision as we alighted from the train; and, scrambling for outside seats, we little heeded the remark of our driver, that "she wouldn't balance unless some of us got inside."

Get inside? not much. We had anticipated this glorious ride too much for that: so we stowed our luggage on the lower deck, with one or two way-passengers, and kept our lofty seats, hugging to them, and to each other, as we sped away right merrily down hill and up hill, stopping now and then to deliver a lean mail-bag to some female government *attachée*, who would cast shy glances at the members of the party on the outside, who "cum all the way," &c., and then trip gayly back to the post-office, to sort the mail, and guess at the contents of the letters.

We soon found our driver to be a lively and

communicating chap, as they usually are; and before we had proceeded many miles he had sifted us down pretty well, and given us a very good history of himself, family, and horses.

One of us observed that the leaders didn't appear to be quite well matched.

"Well matched! Gentlemen, there never was a pair of better-matched horses than them air leaders. You see, the off one wants to do all the work, and the nigh one is perfectly willing he should."

That wasn't bad, and we gave it the laugh it deserved. The next year I got the witticism without any suggestion on my part, and didn't laugh quite so loud. I have heard it seven times, and the worthy deacon seems to enjoy his little joke more and more. I can see him now, gathering himself up, and giving the "nigh one" a little tingler on the left ear, as introductory.

Well, here we are at Rumford, ten miles from Bryant's Pond, and as many more to Andover, where we are to spend the night and make our preparations for departure to the lakes. The driver informs us that we sup here. The landlord looks inviting, and the table more so. We do full justice to the meal; but "six boiled eggs," Master Charles, I will never confess to. We have disputed that

point many times: I acknowledge four, but "six" — excuse me.

"Beg your pardon, madam," said a lady to Mrs. S., as she was leaving the parlor for her outside seat. "Do you not remain with us?" My wife remarked that our journey lay farther on, behind the hills.

"Oh, I am so sorry! this is such a lovely spot, *so* romantic! such a superabundance of beauty, it would seem as if nature had thrown every thing into wild confusion." Fortunately, before we had quite digested this burst of eloquence, the cry of "Stage ready" prevented our being obliged to extend the conversation; but as we whirled away from the door I launched at her from my lofty pinnacle a few harmless, disconnected adjectives, just to show her we knew how it was done.

A short ride brings us to the banks of the Androscoggin, dividing the village of Rumford, and which we cross on what is known as a rope-ferry, — a rope stretched across the river, on which runs a pulley attached to another rope made fast to the boat: the force of the current, with a little guidance from the "bold ferry-man," is all that is required to land us on the opposite shore, up which our horses canter, and we are bowling along at a lively pace toward Andover.

Our mail-bags grow leaner as we pass them out from under the boot; the deacon has talked himself out, and with an occasional, "Rup there," "Whoa, Sall," we hear but little from him. The madam leans rather heavily upon my right shoulder, as if her journey, Rumford eloquence, or catering, had been too much for her. Charlie thinks his creature comfort demands his winter overcoat. The patriarch of the flock lights his pipe, and, failing to arouse any enthusiasm over what a charming sunset there might have been under certain contingencies, sinks into a brown study, cogitating what flies he will use for his first cast. Darkness settles down upon us, and the sparkle of thousands of fireflies seem but the reflection of the twinkling stars.

"Only one mile more," from the deacon, rouses us from our meditations; and, as the village bell rings out the hour of nine, we whirl up to the door of the Andover House.

I don't suppose that Uncle John Merrill, our landlord, will ever forget, or cease to remind me, how resignedly my wife fell into his arms that night as she descended from her lofty perch. Charlie and myself had no such kindly reception, but were made very welcome, and were soon on nearly as intimate terms with our good-natured host, who

had been apprised of our coming, and whose best chambers had been swept and garnished for our arrival. A short talk over our prospects at the lake, and we were ready to test John's mattresses.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE LAKE.

WHEN you have reached a quiet country village, late at night, after a long day's journey, refreshingly tired, have you not thought how you would sleep long into the morning? And when the early morning came, did you not find yourself sadly disappointed? Talk about the country stillness! generally speaking, that's all moonshine: you hear plenty of noises. The "early village cock" is the first to give token of the morn; then some noble Newfoundland, or cur of low degree, launches his *bark* on the sea of time's new day; and you wish, just for that brief interval between trying to get a morning nap and finally giving it up, that you were back again to your own bed and listening to the accustomed sounds which you do not hear. However, when you do

become fully aroused, shake off the bedclothes, and put your head out of the window, and get a sight of the far-off hills, and one good wholesome country smell, all animosity is fled: you forgive both fowl and beast for early rising; and you sit there in the cool of the morning, or I often have, drinking in the glories of the budding morn. Oh! isn't it delicious? One doesn't need to pour exhilaration down his throat to give him an appetite for breakfast: it is drank in through the other senses, and sends a thrill of pleasure over the whole body. And when we all sit around John's neatly-spread table, and taste the fresh eggs and the dainty trout, we begin to feel already a newer life and a most voracious appetite.

"It does me good to see you take hold," said John, as he bustled about the table, his gray hair and long beard glistening in the morning sun. "But, bless your souls! this is nothing to what you will be able to do when you get back. And now hurry up, and get ready for a start: the buckboard will be at the door in half an hour."

If our friend, who interviewed us on the cars, could have seen us as we were ready for departure, he would scarcely have recognized us; "them clothes" having been laid aside for the fisherman's garb. My wife never looked better in my eyes

than she did when about to mount the buckboard: a bloomer suit, made of dark waterproof, good stout boots, buck gloves with armlets reaching to and well secured at the elbow, a gentleman's felt hat, and white tarltan veil fastened to the band, completely encircling the head, and secured by an elastic to the collar of the dress, thus affording an effectual barrier to the flies and mosquitoes that awaited our coming and were thirsting for city blood.

After three miles of quite rapid travelling over an ordinary country thoroughfare, we left civilization, and turned into the road which leads to the arm of the lake, — nine miles through a dense forest where locomotion becomes slow, and were it not for its novelty might become tedious, as it takes three hours to accomplish the distance. But we are a gay and happy party, and with jokes, stories, and song the hours soon slip by; and, before we begin to feel at all wearied with our jaunt, we come out upon a small clearing, and our driver says, "Here we are." We see a small black-looking camp, but no lake, so completely is it hidden by the dense woods. Here we prepare our lunch, and eat it with a hearty relish, first making a smudge on the cook-stove to clear the camp of "flies and such." Our guides unloose our baggage from the

buckboard, and, hoisting it upon their shoulders, disappear through a labyrinth of trees and underbrush, while we stand wondering where they are to find boats and water. But we have faith, and show it by our works, as we pick up some of the lighter parcels, and follow.

"Don't stumble, Frank! look out there! Don't you see you have the package marked 'Glass, with care'?"

"I know it, sir! and I'll take good care I don't drop it: I allers look out sharp for them packages — contents good for wet soles, ain't they, sir?"

"Yes, and dry uppers."

"Well, sir, here's the boat, she's all right: the lady had better stay by that smudge till we get her stowed — the boat, I mean."

We see the boat, and believe in that, also in our guides; and our faith, though slightly wavering as we gaze down the narrow, dirty stream not ten feet wide, still holds out. Charlie will insist upon my unloading my revolver, which I had carefully laid in the stern sheets for the benefit of some erratic loon; which done, and the madam called and comfortably seated on the softest blanket, we push off with kind good-bys and good wishes from Uncle John.

We thread for a moment or two the narrow wind-

ing passage in which our boat lies concealed. At first a hush, a solemn stillness, then a burst of surprise from each as we glide forth upon the bosom of the lake. A gentle breeze, and a fair one. Hoisting our sail we move gracefully onward. And now our faith is lost in sight, as the wide expanse of water, fringed on all sides with the unbroken green of undisturbed forests, meets our gaze.

"Oh! how beautiful, how beautiful!" bursts from the lips of the gentler one as she throws up her veil (no fear of flies here). "How *could* Mr. Murray write as he did about the scenery of Maine?"

"Probably because he never had seen it."

"Fortunately for us he hadn't, or we might be sailing up the lake to-day with a small fleet, instead of being solitary voyagers as we appear to be. But what are those tall peaks over there in the distance?"

"Those are the White Mountains; those small buildings you see in the line of the hills down by the shore are Middle Dam Camp. There's the source of the Androscoggin: good fishing there, but not near as pleasant as our destination." All this from the intelligent guides Charles Cutting and Frank Merrill.

The breeze, which had been quite fresh at starting, now died away to almost a calm, so that in spite of the helmsman's skill the sail flapped idly against the mast, and scarce a ripple stirred the waters beneath our stern.

"I thought so," said Cutting as he choked off a prolonged whistle with which he had been endeavoring to "raise the wind." "It's got to be a white-ash breeze, Frank, and that means you and me. It never blows in the narrows, and when it does it's sure to be the wrong way. Put out your trolling-line, Mr. Stevens, and you may get a trout or two for supper."

That was a pleasant suggestion, and, as I afterwards learned, an uncommon one for a guide to offer, for it adds somewhat to the weight of an oar when a hundred feet of line attached to a trolling-spoon is being dragged behind; but we had an unusual passenger (for at that time few ladies had visited our camping-ground) and our boys were polite accordingly. I put out my line, and the silver spoon glistens brightly in the sun as it floats away upon the water. I was just shaking off the last few yards of line from the reel which was turning summersaults between my feet in the bottom of the boat, when a quick, sharp jerk almost pulled it from our hands, and in less time than I can describe

it — instantly, almost — Charlie B.'s white hat was jammed down over his eyes, and faint mutterings of "Oh, oh, don't! I didn't mean to; I won't!" were heard beneath it. I had been too quick for the boy, and caught him even with his fingers on the line. Taken in the act, his punishment was sharp, quick, and decisive; and not until the youth had promised to cut me six pipes of tobacco did I withdraw the "felt."

On we pulled, leisurely but steadily, with just speed enough to keep the line on the surface, for it does not do to hurry in this country. And now no fingers give that jerk, but the mouth of some member of the finny tribe has closed over the spoon. The boys back water, and hand over hand we pull, "Gently, not too fast, sir: that's better;" and in a few moments our first trout lies before us. "Beautiful!" well you may say so, for what is more beautiful than a well-developed pound trout? and he weighed just a pound; one scale more would have turned the scale.

Six longing, loving eyes gazed tenderly upon him, a bright flush lit up their anxious faces, and (alas! frail human nature) three hungry mortals wondered whether there was enough of him to go round. Over goes the line again, and the boys, made happy by our success, hurry up a bit, and pull ten strokes more to the hour.

Before we were through the narrows, two more, just about the size of the first, left their watery abodes for that bourn from which no trout returns. And now, our supper secured, we reel up, and feast our eyes on the first trophies of our anticipated sport; not taken, however, as the educated sportsman is wont to entice this brightest jewel in Undine's crown. No, the true sport is to come, when, as sunset glories tinge the waters with a golden hue, our dancing flies skip to the gentle music of a southern breeze, over the rippled surface of that nameless cove, tempting with their varied colors this queen of the lake and mountain streams. But we grow poetical: "Charlie, pass the tar."

One who sits beside me as I write these lines suggests that I reserve a few adjectives with which to describe the beauty of the scene that greeted us as we passed out from the narrows into the upper lake. But it's of no use: I never could do it full justice. We that have been there know, yes, can see it all now as it burst upon our astonished vision that June afternoon, again as it appeared in the soft moonlight when one evening we viewed it from our boat, lazily drifting with the current, ay, and many times since.

Where are those mountains, shorn of their trees from base to summit, of which the "pastor" tells

us? Surely yonder sentinel towering up at the head of the lake is not one of them, for that the foot of man has never trod, nor yet those twin sisters on our left. Where is the "*débris*," the slabs and sawdust that denote the lumberman's camp? Surely not in the clear sparkling streams that pour their waters into this grand reservoir of nature. Fie, Mr. Murray! you didn't know what you were writing about; and, faith, I hope you never will.

We must leave preachers and preaching, for here we are at the landing. That building at the foot of the lake, which has such a civilized look about it, is Joe Whitney's camp; and a fine one it is too, and beautifully situated, as you can see. Call there some time in passing: if Joseph is at home, you will find the latch-string on the outside, and a sportsman's welcome; if not at home, brother Cole will do the honors, and accept from you any newspapers that you have brought along.

But come, pick up some light baggage, and let us find our camp; for it is getting late, and Joe may be cross when he sees a woman coming. Joe is our cook, a French Canadian, of seventy summers and nearly as many winters, and who has been here for about twenty-five years: we will tell you some of his eccentricities in our next chapter. But no, Joe is not cross, for there is not a fisherman in camp, and he is getting lonesome.

"Joe, this is Mr. B—— and my wife."

"How do you do, well?"

"Plenty fish, Joe?"

"Plenty feesh and plenty fly, my God. You troll, get feesh for supper?"

"Yes, Frank will bring them up in a minute."

"Fry him?"

"Yes."

"You bring butter, eggs, yes?"

"All the good things, Joe."

"You got camp all to yourselfs, lucky, yes."

"Well, Joe, I reckon we will get into it, and stow away our traps," which we did; and after a glorious trout supper, a social pipe and chat, retired at an early hour to dream of the morrow's sport.

CHAPTER III.

IN CAMP.

IT was four o'clock by my watch when I awoke in the morning. Thanks to Joe's comfortable bed and our mosquito-canopy, we were undisturbed by the festive mosquito, and our sleep was quiet and restful. The madam said she had "slept like a top." I complimented her on her fresh appearance, congratulated her that she had rested so well, and then provoked her by asking if she could tell me how a top slept. I could never exactly see why this comparison, and I am sorry to say I got no information this time. I suggested that probably a top slept to *hum*, and we didn't, but that did not improve matters.

It was four o'clock by my watch, I said, when we awoke: there was a little dispute about that also; the party of the other part said it was three

minutes past, — a small portion of time to vex one's self about so early in the morning, you would say. If you had seen that room after we had discussed the matter in a calm and reasonable manner for about five minutes, you might think differently. I finally gave up, as usual, set my watch three minutes ahead, and commenced to repair damages. This little episode served to give us a good appetite for breakfast, to which we did full justice.

If my readers who have journeyed with us thus far are disposed to tarry with us yet a little longer, it is very proper that they should be given some brief description of our abode. Upper Dam Camp is situated at the head of a small and rapid stream, called Rapid River, which separates the two lakes, Mooselucmaguntic and Mollychunkemunk. I like to write those two names, there is such a sense of relief when I get through. If I were a schoolboy I would write a composition often about the Maine lakes, their names would fill up so well.

The camp, comprising two buildings, one for cooking and eating, the other for drinking and sleeping, is within a stone's-throw of the dam itself, a splendid structure and well calculated to improve one in gymnastic exercises. From the piers of this dam we cast our flies, and entice the wary trout; and for such sport, if you will forgive the seeming paradox, it has no peer.

Half a mile from the camp, near the outlet of Mooselucmaguntic, is Trout Cove, beautifully situated, commanding a fine view of the lake and distant hills; the joy of the angler's heart, for beneath the surface of its clear, cold waters, sport, in all the vigor of a healthful growth, the finest specimens of the *salmo fontinalis* to be found in any section of our country. In the spring they vary in size from a quarter of a pound to four pounds in weight, the average being about a pound, quite a number weighing from two to three, while one of four is of course rarely taken. In the fall they run as high as eight pounds, while they have been taken weighing twelve.

Our fishing is done from flat-bottomed boats, usually one fisherman and guide in each, and the trout preserved alive in cars moored to the shore of the cove. Our average catch, thirty per day, morning and evening fishing, taken altogether with the fly. To those accustomed to taking brook-trout, this may seem a small number; but the ease, excitement, and size of the game, more than out-balance the greater number of small fry which may be caught in any quantity in the streams which abound in this locality. The cove, the dam, and the outlet of the stream, comprise our fishing-grounds, all within easy distance of the camp and within hear-

ing of Joe's horn which he blows to call us to our meals; and, as promptness at the table so far as guests are concerned is one of Joe's particular hobbies, this is worthy of note. Speaking of Joe reminds me that I promised in my last chapter to introduce him more particularly to your notice. Joseph is in all respects the major-domo of the camp: he cooks, washes, irons, makes the beds, builds the fire, makes the smudge, milks the cow, feeds the hens, in fact, does every thing but "clean feesh," make out your bill, and take your money. In regard to the latter, I have found that a greenback between your palm and his when shaking hands with him upon arrival does not lessen the cordiality with which you are received.

Joe has some peculiarities: who of us have not? One of his greatest is doing what you tell him to do (an A 1 quality). If he has a dish in his hand, and you should say "Joe, drop that," he would do it, on the table or floor, just where he happened to be. I never have tried it, nor do I propose to, for it's a waste of property, and there is a sequel to it; but I have seen those who have. Joe has a way of saying "My God," which seems a cross between an oath and a supplication, which would be equally acceptable to a Bowery boy or a circuit-preacher. I never could believe that he

meant it wicked, and it conveys a great deal. But above all, and over all, more than compensating for his minor failings, Joe is strictly honest: he will take all you give him, but nothing that you do not: not even a State constable's *bête noir*, though he loves it, and never refuses when asked. I would not give so much space to Joe, were it not that he is part and parcel of the lakes themselves: all the fishermen look upon him as their godfather; and I verily believe the trout are so fond of him, that they cook themselves to a lovelier brown as they look up from the pan into his anxious furrowed face. I can see him now as he appeared at the door of the camp some two hours after our amiable discussion in regard to *tempus fugit*, and recall his first salutation, thoughtful and kind as a mother's care: "Miss Stevens sleep good, no?" — "Yes, Joe, first-rate, splendidly." — "No fly, merskeeter, no?" — "Not a sign of 'em. See here, Joe," and we take him into our room, and show him the canopy suspended over the bed. He takes a survey of it, and a look of wonder gathers over his face: the expression we have quoted above wells up to his lips, but he restrains it. "Well, Joe, what do you think of that?" — "It is nice." — "Yes, so it is, my dear fellow, a camp-luxury. But how about breakfast?" — "You have feesh, Mr. Stevens?" —

"Yes." — "You have him fry?" — "Yes." — "Egg fry, yes?" — "Certainly, Joseph, all the fixings." — "Coffee, tea, no?" — "Yes, both, and hurry it up, for we are getting hungry."

While Joe is getting breakfast, we get out our fishing-tackle, select our flies, joint our rods, and make the necessary preparations for the day's sport. I would not be positive in regard to the cast I used that day, though, as my journal says the day was cloudy, I should judge I started out with a "fiery brown" and "scarlet ibis:" the former is a fly tied for these waters by John McBride, of Mumford, Munroe County, N.Y.; and I wish to put on perpetual record, or as near to it as type, ink, and paper will do it, that he ties the best flies, both for beauty and strength, of any one in the country — perhaps Mr. Whitney, the famous guide of Upton, excepted. If I had had his flies and casting-line when I struck that six-pounder — Well, never mind, I am going to tell you all about that anon.

Our breakfast was a hurried one. Joe had done himself full justice: he most always does; but we were anxious for our first rise, and were soon clambering down over the piers, seeking the favorite spots, Mrs. S. seating herself above us to share our sport. The day and the stage of water were both in our favor, and our expectations were ranged accordingly.

The first cast I made, I struck the top log of a pier with my tail-fly, and, while I was gazing at a broken tip, had the supreme satisfaction of seeing Charlie net a two-pound trout a short distance from me; but, as the said Charlie had always insisted that I would break my neck, I viewed this slight disaster with complacency. Adjusting a new tip, and taking a better survey of my background, my next cast was more successful, and before my flies had hardly touched the water, a trout rose to each; I struck and hooked them both: so sudden and unexpected was this response to my invitation, that nothing but the sharp click of the reel brought me to my senses. Round the pool in a circle they dashed like a pair of circus-horses; once, twice, three times, did they follow each other, swift as the wind, in the same pathway; then for a moment, as if pausing to consider the situation, they halted, sank to the bottom, and sulked. "Are they gone?" echoed a voice from above. "Not much," was the reply, as I wiped a little tar and perspiration from my brow; "merely giving us both a breathing-spell." Before the words were fairly uttered, they were up and at it again. For full fifteen minutes I played those two trout: they were beauties, mettlesome and gamey as one could wish; but the little seven-ounce rod was too much for them, and they

at last "threw up the sponge." My skilful guide succeeded in netting them both: they weighed very nearly a pound and a half each, and were splendid fish.

As I read this to one who, "as a looker-on in Venice," had shared the sport: "True, to the life," said she. "And to the death?" I questioned. "And to the death. I remember that pair distinctly, and lively ones they were." Three times that morning did I repeat that catch, and the six trout did not differ in weight more than a quarter of a pound. Charlie was equally successful in point of numbers, but did not have quite so good luck on his "pairs." We cast about the dam until nearly eleven, when, as is the usual custom, we repaired to the camp to enjoy our lunch. This usually consists of crackers and cheese, an olive or two, moistened with a little dram of "suthin'" nice, all of which comprise a part of the stores which the fisherman should bring with him.

"Well, old Stevens," said Charlie, "this is pretty good sport. Smashed your tip, didn't you?"

"Should say so."

"Bad?"

"Not very."

"Show me the pieces." I brought them in; and Charlie got out his tool-chest, and went to work

repairing it. Not being a very bad break, and the young man a good workman, it was soon put in working order again. I used to think, considering my size, that I was pretty careful of myself, as well as my rigging; but Charlie has patched up rods so many times, from butt to tip, and picked me up from among stones and brush-wood when I had lain down for a rest, that I haven't quite that confidence in myself that I was wont to have. There isn't the slightest doubt but what, if that individual could be prevailed upon to free his mind on the subject, he would tell you he expected, the next time we whip the water together, he will have the grim satisfaction of getting that new split bamboo into his clutches for repairs. But I have some slight revenge on the youth for his hilarious scoffing at what he calls my "clumsiness:" he doesn't eat olives, turns up his fastidious nose at devilled ham, can't do much in the way of "schnapps;" says it affects him as contradiction did Mrs. Sternhold, it "flies to the head." So I eat and drink his share of these accompaniments, and he pays for half; but let him alone on the solids: for a little fellow, he does dispose of— Never mind. that's Joe's lookout, and, if he can keep him "cooked up," I don't care.

"What do you think of Murray?" said Charlie,

as he put the finishing touch to the restored tip, and I lay on the leather lounge, smoking my pipe, and watching his operations.

"In regard to his being a fisherman, — a true sportsman, you mean, I suppose?"

"Exactly."

"I think he's a humbug: he professes to know too much in regard to too many things, to excel in any one. I don't believe he could have mended that tip as you have; and yet, if he had described the 'how to do it' with his pen, which admitted he handles with vigor, you would have thought him a perfect adept in the art of rod-making. When a professed fisherman tells us to go to Read's for the best rods, and recommends a rod with the reel eight inches from, instead of at, the butt; tells you that he who 'directs a ball, or hooks a fish, out of mere sport, is deserving of fine and imprisonment,' and then shoots deer out of season, fires thirty or forty shots at a poor loon for the mere 'sport' of the thing, and leaves dozens of trout on a bank to rot, — I don't propose to take much stock in him. Fortunately, however, he doesn't care for my opinion, and, I reckon, precious little for any one's else. What's your sentiments?" — "Ditto." — "Ditto," from the other one, who looks up from her book, evidently quite surprised at the forcible and decided

expression of opinion, but re-echoing the sentiment expressed. And if we judge him from his book, by which I suppose he is willing to be judged (waiving some of his yarns which he does not expect us to believe), ours is a righteous judgment.

Having disposed of this subject to our satisfaction, we spend the time between lunch and dinner in a lounging, lazy sort of manner, discussing the merits of different rod-makers, variety of flies, and such like fisherman's talk, occasionally practising at a mark with our pistols and rifles; after dinner, a smoke and a snooze.

At about four o'clock we take a trip to the cove for our afternoon sport, which, if exciting, we continue until sunset. My experience has been, that more trout are taken between nine and eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and four and six in the afternoon, than at any other time, though they often rise quite lively for half an hour before sunset. Early-morning fishing, with me, has not been a success. I have tried it more times than I propose to again. Charlie was always opposed to it on principle. "Let 'em rise," he would say: "I won't;" and he don't, till breakfast is ready.

If the sport at the cove is tame, we return at the call of Joe's horn, and take a six-o'clock supper, and cast awhile at the dam till darkness begins

to fall; then we gather about the smudge at the door of our camp, and watch the blue cloud of smoke as it floats gracefully upwards. Now is the time for reflection; and as we think of ourselves some twenty miles or more away from any human habitation, excepting a few like our own, in the depths of a vast wilderness with the never-ceasing sound of rushing water falling upon our ears, we can hardly realize the bustle and commotion, with all its attendant incidents of joy and sorrow, that is hourly transpiring in that busy centre which we have left. Aside from the excitement of our fishing we have little to disturb that perfectly contented frame of mind and body which we enjoy. A new arrival or a stray guide with a bundle of correspondence from Andover makes a slight ripple upon the tranquillity of our daily life. We spend no anxious thought in regard to change of apparel, no precious moments are wasted in unnecessary ablutions: we have no time to devote to scandal with our nearest neighbors, no bickering with servants.

We are all kings and queens together. The guides eat at the same table, drink from the same goblet or tin cup, as circumstances demand; and, if on a tramp, the same blanket at night covers their weary limbs and ours.

I have met fishermen here from my own city,

and in a week's stay felt as if they had been acquaintances of a lifetime, parted from them to meet only again, perhaps one or maybe two years afterwards, in the far-off wilderness. Yes, we return again to active life, we mingle with the crowd, are jostled from the sidewalk, or from the world for that matter, and the gap is filled: it's only "somebody's darling that's dead and gone." There's this difference between the city and the country: the latter remembers you longer. It may be for good, and it may be for ill.

But we are getting sentimental. "Frank, smudge out the camp."

CHAPTER IV.

AN UNFORTUNATE DAY.

BUT still a happy one, as they all were, and as such days ever will be to those who enjoy the sportsman's life : would there were more that do ! And there will be ; for I believe, as a people we are growing more and more to appreciate this recreation, its benefit to the health, its widening of our sphere of vision. Gradually will our business-men be attracted more to the haunts of nature, and away from the dissipations of the conventional watering-places. Also the field of the angler and the hunter will be enlarged, the protection and propagation of fish and game in streams and forests will do much to encourage these manly sports, fishing will be found nearer home, and, the taste once cultivated, more distant waters and less frequented localities will be sought

after. Fish not before known in the sportsman's vocabulary as game-fish are being brought into notice. The shad which throng our northern rivers, it has been found, will take the fly. A specimen of the English grayling, one of the gamiest of the finny tribe, has been recently discovered in the Michigan waters, and will form a great acquisition to the angler's store; and thus the supply will constantly increase with the increasing love for the sport.

To return, however, to our little family in the woods. For the first few days our sport had been excellent, and we had quite a goodly family of trout in our several cars to feast the eyes and the palates of our friends at home. But the past day or two had been hot and cloudless, and no allurements, in the way of diversified casts, would tempt the sportive beauties from their cool retreats; so we idled away the time, enjoying nature and each other's company. As I was leaning over the rail of the bridge that crosses the dam, enjoying the play of the waters as they dashed and foamed at my feet, I saw a black object drop from where I was standing into the rushing stream below. It did not take me but a moment to recognize my fly-book, which, opening as it fell, scattered a well-selected assortment of McBride's best flies upon

the rushing tide. I have discarded the old method of carrying flies in a book in which you are obliged to wind the snell and place it in a space in the leaf prepared for the purpose. I always keep the snell perfectly straight, for obvious reasons; and my flies were thus lying loosely in my new style of book, which resembles an old-fashioned long leather wallet. I am particular in this description, proposing to draw slightly upon your imagination in what follows. I knew very well what Charlie would say when I told him of my misfortune: "It's a great wonder that you did not tumble over with them," or some such encouraging remark, so that I was in no particular hurry to make known my loss, but stood gazing at the white-crested waves over which they were being borne to the somewhat more quiet waters farther on. As I lingered I imagined a dozen or two fine, handsome trout lying in the unfished stream, tempted by the unwonted attraction, rising for their prey and hooking themselves; and how they would look to each other as they went around, comparing notes with six inches of snell hanging from their mouths: they might tickle each other's noses perhaps. I had really begun to pity the poor fellows, when the thought of it brought an anecdote to my mind which I had come across somewhere, and I laughed

outright. Let me tell it, and, if my readers fail to see the connecting-link, study Darwin, for my little incident relates to a "tale." A superintendent of a certain Sunday school, in the vicinity of the "Hub," was speaking to the scholars, at the close of the exercises, of the lesson for the day, which was the story of the Israelites' making brick with straw. As he came to the oppression of Pharaoh, in demanding the same tale of bricks when no straw was supplied as before, he asked the question of the scholars, "What is meant by the tale of bricks?" At once a bright little fellow held up his hand, and answered, "A piece of straw sticking out of the end of a brick."

Returning to camp, I told the story of my loss; as was expected, only smiles and ridicule for my carelessness from those to whom I naturally should have looked for sympathy. Our guides only, showed sorrow for my misfortune, and would have swam the stream in undress-uniform had there been a forlorn hope of a recovery. Later, however, Charlie came round, and compromised the matter by offering me the use of his fly-book. Not having had any luck himself during the day, he declined going to Trout Cove in the afternoon; but as towards sundown a little breeze sprang up, I determined to try it again, as the time for our leaving camp was fast approaching.

"What do you think of the prospect?" I asked my guide, as we trudged along over the familiar path.

"It's my notion that they'll rise to-night: the wind's got round to the south'ard, and there'll be just a good ripple. I'm thinking Mr. B—— will wish't he'd come along."

"Don't you think you had better whistle to keep my courage up? Still the trout are there, and they must be getting hungry."

"Well, it won't take us long to find out, Mr. Stevens:" this last remark was made as he pushed the boat off from her moorings, and sprang into her.

Our fishing-grounds were but a few minutes' pull from the shore, and we were soon at anchor and ready to receive visitors.

I had changed my casts several times during the day, and now had a casting-line with a couple of nondescript flies, which I had found in my old book as it was left from the year before.

"There's a swirl," said Cutting, as he points over my left shoulder: "and there's another, and no fool of a fish."

"Hadn't we better get to work?"

Things looked a little encouraging, to say the least. "Ah, there's another!"—"Yes, and we'll

send him an invitation." I cast quite near to where he rose, and he responded immediately: I struck and hooked him, and in a few minutes he was safely netted. The next cast, and two rose, one of which was lost, the other weighed quite two pounds.

We had not been on the grounds more than ten minutes before the cove all around us was literally alive with trout, and in twenty minutes I had half as many trout, alive, in the well-room of the boat.

"Well, this keeps us pretty busy: what a pity Mr. B—— didn't come along!"

"That's so, but we haven't got time to go for him: the sun's not more than half an hour high." This slight conversation occurred while I was putting on a couple of fresh flies, for by this time the old ones had got to looking a little frayed. Not more than twenty-five feet of line had I got out before a parting of the waters, a rush, and a most noble fish broke the water, taking my tail-fly as he went down. He hooked himself firmly, down went the butt, and down went Sir Trout to the bottom, taking but a few yards of line from my reel.

"What do you think of that?" said I, turning to my guide, who sat complacently smoking his pipe.

"I think you have got all you want to attend to for the next half-hour: that fish will weigh six pounds if he weighs an ounce."

I knew he was an old hero, but I hardly thought him so large as that. After calmly surveying the situation I tapped the butt of my rod with my finger, and he quickly responded with a whirl of the reel; at least seventy feet of line did he take before coming to a halt; then he turned, and came towards us, I gathering in the slack as fast as possible; fortunately he was so well hooked that I felt safe: now he took several swift turns around the boat within twenty feet of us, then off again with at least eighty before I dared check him. This amusement on his part was kept up, as my guide suggested it might be, for just about half an hour; when as the sun had sunk behind the hills, and darkness was coming on, I began to feel slightly nervous, and a strong desire to see my fish safely landed; and to this intent I cautioned my guide to be ready with the net, as he seemed now disposed to come to terms, and indeed allowed me to reel him in in a very quiet and sensible manner. "Now, then, stand ready with your net," and the sure-handed, quick-sighted one who scarce ever lost me a fish stood ready for his work — when, with a plunge and a rush, my anticipated trophy broke the water, turned over on its surface, snapped the casting-line, and disappeared beneath the calm waters of Trout Cove. I sat down upon the thwart of the boat, and my

guide did the same, facing each other. For nearly five minutes — no? well, say three — not a word was spoken. The first to break the silence was Cutting, and in these words: "Mr. Stevens, I'd given three days' pay rather than had you lose that trout: he was *over* six pounds" —

"Charles, I would have doubled your pay rather than to have lost him. So much for using a last-year's leader."

Don't do it, my young friends, or old friends. You may never have the occasion to regret doing so, as I did that evening, and you may save a six-pounder by not doing so. It might, you say, have been something else if not that: true, but I doubt it, for my fish was well hooked, and my guide cool and collected, and nothing but a weak casting-line cost me that fish. I purchase my flies and leaders nowadays almost exclusively, the latter always, of McBride, before mentioned. I like to write the old gentleman's name (he is gone now, and his daughter succeeds him in the business): I never saw him, but I know he was an honest man, and I believe he loved the work he was engaged in; at all events, he did it well, and when once he had provided you with an outfit of these articles, to use a vulgar expression, you will never "go back" on him any more than they in some trying situation

will go back on you. (A little digression induced by the remembrance of after-reflection and blasted hopes.)

"Well, Cutting, that's the end of to-night's sport. Up anchor, and let's go home."

Not much conversation on the road that night. Oh, laugh if you will, stoic! call it silly to mourn over the loss of a single fish, were he the very leviathan of the deep. But discard for a few years your city pleasures, and go a-fishing, pit your lightest tackle and your best intelligence against this wary, gamy fish; and when, after becoming a lover of this healthful sport, you lose the largest trout you ever saw, you may perhaps indulge in the feelings we shared on our homeward tramp.

The smell of Joe's cooking, the welcome of the waiting ones, and the rehearsal of the exciting strife, soon restored the accustomed frame of mind, a happy one; and by the time that supper was ready the disappointment of the day was nearly forgotten in the anticipations of the morrow, — the morrow which was to be our last day in camp, and on the result of which high hopes were builded.

"Don't you wish you had gone along, Charlie?"

"Yes, stupid: why didn't you drag me?"

"Oh, yes! keep on stuffing at this rate, and you will want 'Old Brownie' and the buggy to take you over to the cove."

"Do you think he would weigh six pounds, Stevens?"

"Do I? If you don't believe me, ask Cutting." And he did, and Cutting said, "Yes, more."

CHAPTER V.

GOOD-BY, JOE.

OUR last day in camp, and we had returned the preceding night with ardent hopes of a good day's sport, so much so, that for a wonder four o'clock in the morning found the three Charlies and the one "Frank" young man on their way to Trout Cove, — one of the Charlies already lamenting his share of the morning walk, and with all his love of the sport, which is great, wishing himself back again between his blankets.

"I tell you it's no use, Stevens: trout ain't such fools as to get up before breakfast."

"Oh! then you think they take their early food as Hood says Thomson wrote about early rising, — lying in their beds."

"Well, what's the use encouraging them in such

bad habits? You know the old story about the worm: if he hadn't been out, he wouldn't have been caught."

"True enough, nor the bird have had his breakfast."

"Did it ever occur to you, Charlie, that Nature in the abundant disposal of her gifts, and in her ample provisions for the lower orders, had so organized and perfected her plans as to — as to — to" —

"No, I never did; that is, hardly. Ask me an easier one; reserve, my boy, such an abundant flow of natural eloquence till after breakfast, do: a vacancy exists here, which even that half a cracker failed to fill, and I fear to dwell long upon so abstruse a subject. Pass the tar, please: the flies are up early, at all events."

"The flies, Charlie, — these, now, are another illustration, and show the wisdom of" —

"Bringing along the tar?"

And thus did the disturbed elements in the young man's frame show themselves as we trudged along over the well-trod road to the cove.

"There, that's the last time I ever cast a fly before breakfast," was the next remark I heard from those amiable lips, as about an hour afterwards, after superhuman efforts to get a rise, he reeled up his line, and thus gave vent to his feelings in a

somewhat tragic manner: "I knew just how it would be, and why didn't I know enough to lie abed?"

"Pity we hadn't; but we have gained some experience," said I, as I reeled up for a start.

And so after all the success of the evening before, on the same spot, an hour's faithful fishing had failed to reward us with a single rise. Truly the ways of the trout are past finding out, but the fact is potent to every sportsman that sometimes you can and sometimes you can't. But we had a good appetite for Joe's "fried feesh" and griddle-cakes; and, always determining to make the best of every thing, we exploded a little in vain ejaculations, and then went to breakfast.

Now, to prove the truth of the foregoing classic and sage remark, that "sometimes you can," etc. After satisfying the demands of hunger, and chatting for awhile over our pipes, we again set out for Trout Cove; and this time we did not return until about forty beautiful fish, after having given us all the sport that heart could wish, had joined a large number of their captured companions, and were listening in the confines of our cars to their tale of captivity.

It was on the last day of our camp-life that poor Joe was destined to receive a surprise that almost

overcame his natural serenity, and threw him into the depths of profound amazement. In looking over our remaining stores, which we had taken to camp, Mrs. S. found a couple of cans of corn, which somehow had been overlooked, and sent them in to Joe, by one of the guides, with the request to have them for dinner. Now, Joe, although a good cook, and, as we already know, possessed of other valuable characteristics, had in youth received no book-education, and could neither read nor write; and though he knew the contents of a can of tomatoes, by the picture of the fruit on the outside, he was in profound ignorance of the contents of these. So in he came to madam to ask for an explanation: but somehow the poor fellow's brain was muddled, and we couldn't make him understand the contents; so we appealed to one of his remaining senses, his eyesight, and opened the cans for him. The consternation depicted on his countenance must have been seen to be appreciated; he drew himself up to his full height, and this exclamation burst from his lips: "Mrs. Steven, my God, it is corn!" Corn on the ear, and corn in a can, were, to his uneducated mind, as widely separated as a corn on the foot from acorn on the oak.

I have just learned that Joe has left the camp,

gone forever, unless he goes back as a visitor to the secluded spot where he has spent so many years of his life. And though many, perhaps, who peruse these pages, may only have known him in these simple sketches, those who have will look back upon his stewardship with a partial feeling of regret that in future his gray hairs will be missed, and his peculiar speech heard no more. Good-by, Joe ! may your declining years be made happy ; if not in the companionship of loved ones, at least in the thought that you have made others happy, and done the best, in your simple way, to improve the few talents committed to your care.

It was a hot day, this last in camp, for even in the far-off mountain regions does the sun proclaim his mastery ; and so after dinner we had no disposition to interview his sunship's burning glances, but preferred the shadow of the camp, with its cooling draughts, to the shining surface of the cove or stream. Mrs. S. was lazily perusing the last pages of "Put Yourself in his Place," too immensely satisfied, however, with her easy rocking-chair, to think of doing so. Charlie was lying at full length, upon the lounge, his hands clasped above his head, his eyes gazing from his tarry countenance into the starry realms above. I was making myself as comfortable as three chairs, a sofa-pillow, and a bowl

of natural leaf, with a cherry-stem attachment, could make me: when suddenly my reveries were slightly disturbed, and the book fell from the madam's hands, as Charlie repeated the question, which he at first pronounced as if thinking aloud, —

"Do you expect to die a natural death?"

Now, of all subjects in the range of my thoughts, this was about the farthest removed; and, though in some situations this was a question which might very naturally have been asked, it fell like a thunderbolt in our midst; and I, recovering my wandering senses, Yankee-like, answered his question by asking another: "Why?"

"I was only thinking: travelling as much as you do, and tumbling about as you are in the habit of doing, that it would be a wonder if you should not some day break your neck, run off the track, or drown yourself."

"Thank you for such interesting reflections in regard to my earthly exit. As for the latter, I don't believe that fate is ordained for me, as three times I have been overboard, and once remained so long in the water that those most interested in my future existence had about given me up. The old adage, 'A man that's born to be,' &c., you know; and, as for a sudden death not being a natural death, in a great many cases of course it is, and

much more to be desired, according to my way of thinking, than a lingering, hopeless decay."

"Well, I agree with you fully as to that; but seriously, in all your travels have you not been in some trying situation, where you felt for a longer or shorter time your life was actually in danger?"

"Oh, yes! several times."

"What was the most fearful, the one where you suffered the most in the shortest time?"

"As to that, I don't think I feared or suffered much in either case, — certainly no physical suffering, and scarcely any mental; but I have often looked back to one rash incident of my life as being, as well as perhaps very foolish, very dangerous, and in which for a few minutes I felt my life hung in the balances."

"What was that?"

"You have been to Quebec?"

"Yes."

"And the Falls of Montmorency?"

"I have. I believe they are a hundred feet higher than Niagara."

"Nearly."

"You didn't imitate the illustrious Sam Patch, and jump them, did you?"

"Not exactly, but I slid down them in winter."

"That's a *cool* statement: explain yourself."

"You have heard of the famous ice-cone that is formed at the foot of the fall in winter, by the spray freezing upon the rocks, until it reaches nearly the base of the cataract, and forms almost a sugar-loaf in appearance, and about two hundred feet in height?"

"Yes, I saw a picture of it at the Russell House, last summer."

"Well, I slid down that cone once on an Indian 'tarbogan,' a sort of double-ended sled; and I think, for rapid locomotion and dangerous situations, that you could give points to the most daring aëronaut that ever sought the eastern current through the boundless immensity of space."

"How did you get to the top?"

"By steps cut in the solid ice, and I think now that I should go up a good many times rather than slide down once. There were several in our party; and we were bantering each other in regard to taking the slide, when, being younger and rather more reckless than the rest of the party, I determined to make the descent.

"Seating myself behind the Indian, and grasping him about the middle, my legs clasping his firmly, we started. Yes, I am quite sure we started, and I am just as sure that a moment afterward I wished we hadn't. I said we slid, better, that we flew, for

we dashed down at the rate of seventy miles an hour; breathing was out of the question, and thinking almost. But once started, nothing was to be done, but, Davy Crockett like, 'go ahead;' and go ahead we did till, in a much less time than I have been describing it, we were far out upon the icy surface of the St. Lawrence."

"And you didn't try it again, I imagine."

"Not much. It was dangerous sport. As one of the party said, 'I wouldn't mind sliding down the roof of a house, but from the eaves to the ground — excuse me.'"

"So you think that was the most dangerous incident of your life?"

"So far as I am able to be the judge, I most certainly do; for the slightest break or mismanagement on the part of the guide would have certainly cost a limb, most likely a life."

"Well, from my recollection of the picture, I should class such an undertaking 'extra hazardous.'"

"Positively, I never have looked at that picture since, without a shudder, and a wonder that I should have done what so few attempt."

"Really, old fellow, I didn't think my abrupt remark would have drawn out so long a story."

"No: I suppose, if you had, you scarce would have made it?"

"Perhaps."

"Charlie, did you ever see a spook?"

"A what?"

"A spook, ghost."

"Oh, certainly! a ghost — of a chance."

"No; but sincerely, did you ever see a *bona-fide* ghost?"

"Not much."

"I have: shall I tell you about it?

"No, excuse me: I fear I should only detect symptoms of a disordered stomach."

"You may laugh: a poor argument that, against ten senses."

"Ten? I thought we had but five."

"True enough, but she saw it too. Fact, Charlie."

"Well, I don't quite see the ten yet. You didn't smell or taste his ghostship, did you?"

"No, we did not: you have me there; but we both heard, saw, and felt it; and you could no more convince either of us that it was not a veritable spirit than that we are not now at Upper Dam Camp."

"Well, let's have it."

"No, not to-day: perhaps some time we'll tell you all about it, when that time comes, as it some time will, when more will believe that there are

such sights to be seen; when all will be more ready to admit that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

"Shakspeare, hem! as Dr. Pangloss would say."

"Yes, the immortal bard, as I think I once heard him called. By the way, Charlie, what character of his resembles a cart-rut?"

"Give it up."

"Pericles."

"Why?"

"Because he's the Prince of Tyre."

"Oh! take something, won't you?"

"No, I thank you."

"I have a conundrum, boys," said Mrs. S., who had been, up to this time, a very patient listener, having put "Put Yourself in his Place" in a safe place, and devoted herself to the present company. "Shall I ask it?"

"Certainly!" from both of us.

"It's original."

"Oh, then it must be good!" again from both of us.

"Why was Jeff Davis, when he was captured, like Bunker-hill Monument?"

"When did you originate that?"

"Never mind: can you guess?"

"Jeff Davis like Bunker-hill Monument"—

"Yes, when he was captured."

"Because he — no, he wasn't, that's a fact. Why was Jeff Davis — Oh, let's give it up, Charlie!"

"I'm willing."

"Well, we give it up."

"That's as far as I have got: I haven't made an answer yet. So far, I think it's pretty good; don't you?"

"Y-e-s, r-a-t-h-e-r. — Charles, isn't it about time to try the pool?"

"I was just thinking so, myself. Excuse me, Mrs. Stevens: 'Why was Jeff?' — 'Walker'" — and we left the madam to her august reflections.

The pool, or rather the trout which were supposed to be in it, were as lazy as we had been, and refused all endeavors on our part to come to the surface. After a variety of flies Charlie proposed a yeast-cake, thought that might make them rise. I responded by suggesting a volume of "Young's Night Thoughts," thinking that might possibly turn their thoughts upwards: but suggesting and acting were all to no purpose; like a lazy schoolboy they were determined not to rise, and they didn't.

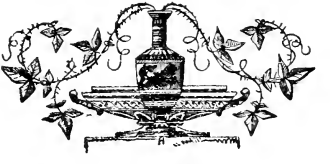
It wasn't just pleasant to be obliged to give it up so on the last day, but there was no alternative; so it was reel up, and leave them to the next comers. I do think, for a moment, that Charlie felt like going

back to first principles, and worming out a few from his once (for this pot-hunting performance) favorite pier. But his truer sporting feelings predominated; and we were content to talk about past victories, and look forward to a season yet to come when we should return to our favorite haunts, and again listen to the rushing roar of Royal River, as it foams, eddies, and sparkles amid its leaf-fringed banks in its short yet most beautiful and picturesque windings to the majestic lake which receives it.

And this evening we linger long and lovingly upon the most favored spots, where we can drink in the full glories of the sunset hour, for we feel that when we retrace our steps to camp, packing up is next in order; and though we ought to be, and no doubt are, thankful for the pleasant homes to which we may return, yet there is not quite so much anticipation or enthusiasm in packing up to return to them, as after they have nurtured and sheltered us for nearly a year we are willing to leave them without the faintest suspicion of regret.

Here is a splendid opportunity to moralize, and wind up my chapter on the beauties of home, the necessity of recreation, etc.; but as my moral-"Liza" is averse to being flattered, and there are some poor forlorn bachelors among my friends,

who may read these sketches, and wish they had when they could as well as not, we will skip all reflections of this nature, and, bidding you good-night, call you early in the morning to witness our preparations for departure.



CHAPTER VI.

DEPARTURE.

THE next morning we arose early; but our guides had been up hours before us, and the long row of beautiful trout, spread upon the grass preparatory to packing for friends at home, greeted our admiring eyes as we saluted the morning air.

Various are the methods of packing trout for transportation. I clean mine, and pack them in moss which has been thoroughly dried in the sun, placing a goodly quantity of ice at the top and bottom of the box, but none in close proximity to the fish. Except in extremely hot weather, I have found that trout packed in this manner reach Boston in very fine order, and have quite a trouty taste and appearance; but — and it's a long but — if one wishes to know the true taste and flavor

of the trout, they must go to them: the transport of eating is lessened by transportation, and their radiant spots must be seen on the spot. This many of you well know: and those among my readers who do not, will, I hope, take the first opportunity of proving it themselves; they, also, will be improved thereby.

"I am sorry you go, Miss Stevens: you have egg, boil, ten minutes; you have ham, cold, for lunch, yes," was Joe's salutation, as we sat down to breakfast.

"Plenty men, my God! few women," continued Joe, without waiting for a reply from the madam, who was unconsciously blushing at so flattering a farewell, but who at last sufficiently recovered to thank Joe for his compliment.

A regretful feeling, on the part of us all, that this is our parting meal, renders us less enthusiastic over the freshly-killed trout, which Joe has cooked with unusual care, and we eat like those who go, rather than those who come; but we shall soon regain our appetites, for a pleasant journey is before us.

Our traps, already packed, are hoisted upon the backs of our ever-willing guides; and we are gathering our lighter articles to follow with them to the landing. It is a glorious morning, and the wind is fair: as we shall have plenty of time, we stop on our

way at Whitney's Camp, where we pass the compliments of the day with brother Cole, whom we find sole occupant of this delightful retreat.

Here we are again, just entering the narrows; and, true to Charlie Cutting's prophecy, we have a head-wind at first, and shortly none at all: the sail flaps idly against the mast, and the boys fill their pipes preparatory to a practical lesson on the enlargement of muscle.

While they row along leisurely, as usual, we amuse ourselves by waking the echoes of the distant hills, or chaffing each other on various events that have transpired during our pleasant sojourn among the hills. Soon the narrows are passed; and a famous spurt, which would do credit to a college crew, and reminding us of Tom Moore's pretty little song, —

> "Row, brothers, row! the stream runs fast,
> The rapids are near, and the daylight's past," —

brings us, in quite a lively manner, upon the waters of the lower lake. Now a fine breeze springs up, and once more we hoist our sail to its speeding influence. A short hour and a half brings us to the arm of the lake, where ten days ago we bade good-by to Uncle John Merrill, and where we are to-day to meet him and his comfortable buckboard.

We have just time to build a fire, for Charlie and the madam would die if they couldn't have their cup of tea, when we hear a crackling of the bushes, and a trampling of feet; and the old black mare, her tail revolving like a windmill, in vain attempts to switch off the flies, followed by Uncle John's smiling face and white beard, emerges from a wilderness of leaves.

"Well, boys, what luck?" was John's first salutation, as with the back of his hand he brushed the perspiration, and a few black flies, from his forehead.

"Splendid."

"Capital."

"Lovely," — was the quick response from the united voices (I leave it to the reader to distinguish them), as we point with pride to the boxes, under which the guides are struggling, and which soon are securely lashed to the buckboard, and are completely sheltered from the sun by John's forethought in covering them, as the robins did the little babes in the woods, "all over with leaves."

"Any thing new down in the world, John, — the wicked world?"

"No, nothing to speak of: hay's promisin'."

Our thoughts just then were farther on than the hay-fields, — to the region of bricks and granite,

where are heard a Babel of voices and the din of the city; but a fresh application of tar (for at the Arm the mosquitoes and flies hold high carnival) soon turned the tenor of our thoughts to time present. After a hearty lunch, our own enriched by a few slices of cold spring lamb and a nice little leaf-lined box of wild strawberries which Mrs. Merrill's thoughtfulness had provided, from John's end of the route, we were ready for a start. The horses, having also finished their dinner, were quite ready and willing to leave this "winged begirt spot," although knowing that a long and hard journey was before them.

Such a heap of talk, and such wonderful yarns, did we pour into John's ears for the first hour of our homeward ride! I don't wonder, remembering our volubility, that the poor man said, if I'd drive, he guessed he'd walk, as 'twas rather hard on the horses. Hard for him, too, perhaps: but John was always patient, and a willing listener to stories oft repeated; and never would he, by look or action, seek to throw discredit on the largest, most extravagant tale. Only once, he couldn't swallow the bear-story which Badger and Richardson, from the Middle Dam, had been *bruin* for our edification, and with which they filled our listening ears on our arrival at Andover.

"I don't believe it," said John: "bears don't act that way — leastwise, when they have cubs;" and that ended the discussion, so far as John was concerned; and we, — why, we thought as John did. And it soon turned out that there was no bear and no cubs, and they didn't come out of the woods to frighten sportsmen from Boston, who hadn't said, "Go up, baldhead!"

John was walking briskly along some distance in advance of the buckboard, a heavy stick in one hand, and a twig of green in the other with which he was brushing away at the moving insects, when suddenly he turned and motioned us to stop: coming towards us, he pointed to a spot ahead, where his keen eye had discovered a partridge with her brood lurking in the bushes by the roadside.

Jumping from the buckboard, I hurried to the spot, thinking to catch a sight, a novel one to me, of the young brood. When I was apparently right among them, the old bird started down the road, limping and dragging one wing upon the ground, appearing to be very much crippled, either by the hand of man or by some of the denizens of the wilderness.

John saw the bird running away, and shouted to me to catch it; which I nearly succeeded in doing, several times getting my hand almost upon it, when

a greater exertion of the wounded fowl would take her just beyond my reach. Suddenly, to my great surprise, but evidently not to John's, whose loud guffaws reached my ears, the poor lame creature spread its wings, and, "swift as an arrow from an archer's bow," sped away from me, and was soon lost to sight in the abundant foliage.

I don't know just how I felt when I reached the buckboard on the home stretch. I am unable to describe just how a man does feel when he appreciates that he has been sold: comment, however, is unnecessary — probably "you know how it is, yourself."

And why should his best friend, and the wife of his bosom, join with a gray-haired sire in endeavoring to outdo each other in hilarity, when only laziness kept the two former from falling into the same trap? Such, I am sorry to say, was the fact; and when I now refer to it, as an incident of the past, to one sitting beside me, poring over "The Newcomes," all the satisfaction I get is —

"You were pretty well sold, weren't you?" As if she, "poor thing," didn't fondly expect partridge that night for supper!

I do not propose to argue upon the reasoning faculties of the species in general, or my individual partridge, and have only stated a fact, which, to

three of our party at that time was entirely new and strange, but which Uncle John assured us he had often seen before, — the parent bird thus endeavoring by cunning artifice to draw attention from its brood, by encouraging a hope of easy capture of itself; for it takes but a few moments for the young to conceal themselves so effectually, that you may pass them on every side, and not discover their hiding-places.

After passing the Notch, finding we are in good time, we improvise a couple of rods by cutting birch-saplings, and coax out from a few pools in Black River, whose course our road follows, some thirty or forty trout in a much less number of minutes.

These trout average about three ounces, and are most delicate eating. The stream is full of them: I think a lively fisherman could capture three hundred in a day, and not have to travel far either. Having taken all we needed for our supper, we are off again for Andover, which we reach in quite a fresh condition at about five o'clock.

And now commences the putting-off of tar and fisherman's clothing, and putting on cleanliness and city habiliments; for we are once more in civilized society, and must conduct ourselves after the manner of men. At nine o'clock the stage arrives,

and brings a few sportsmen, whose ears we regale with marvellous fish-stories, sending them to bed with bright anticipations of the sport in store for them.

B—— and I were smoking our last pipe on the piazza, watching the moon as it sank behind the far-off hills, both of us in a dreamy, half-unconscious state, when suddenly he turned to me, and in a serious tone of voice propounded the following momentous question : —

"Stevens, which had you rather — or go a-fishing?"

This remark was not new : I had heard the same question put in the same manner, for the first time, several years after, and double that number before. Neither was the time or place appropriate for such a question. I was displeased that he should put it in that manner : it hurt my feelings ; and, more than that, it made me mad. I cast upon him a withering look ; and with all the theatrical scorn I could crowd into the short sentence I replied, —

"B——, you're a fool. Go to bed." And he did, and so did I.

CHAPTER VII.

ON THE ROAD.

HALL I mention his name? It is S——. He is an undertaker. He sits at his window on Tremont Street; and, as I pass up and down in the horse-cars, I often have a bow from him, also a sweet smile, being an acquaintance.

I know what he is saying to himself: —

"One of these days, old fellow! I'm waiting, waiting patiently; but you must come to my little net one of these days."

I don't think an undertaker is a cheerful acquaintance anyway; and I wouldn't care to add many to my list of friends, though without doubt they are an excellent class of people, but they look at you as if you were somehow their property, only to be waited for.

It makes me just a little provoked sometimes, when Mr. S. smiles so blandly at me; and as vacation time comes around, and I begin to lag a little, and the work of the year shows itself in the face and frame, somehow my friend's smiles grow more bland. Far be it from me to suspect that there is a trifle of business in that look: not for the world!

But as I disrobe myself to-night, and feel the renewed strength and the elasticity of youth, and the mirror reflects the bronzed countenance, the arms browned and strengthened (having just returned from a glorious camping vacation, not only the arms but the accompaniments), I feel that I have got a little start on my friend, and I chuckle inwardly to think that the next time his smile will be less "childlike and bland," and that he will be obliged to lengthen my lease a little.

I felt that way, so far as renewed strength is concerned, as I jumped out of bed the morning after our arrival at Andover.

We had been watching a little cricket, running in and out among those fresh green spruce and pine boughs with which Mrs. Merrill, like many other farmers' wives, had adorned her fireplace.

He had been chirping merrily for quite a while, and of course we were reminded of the genial author who has almost immortalized him.

It was rather rude and unpoetical on my part, after the madam had been so enthusiastic over him, to ask her why a cricket was any more lovable than a water-bug. Her reply was as feminine as it was satisfactory: "I guess it's because they don't get into things you don't want them to, little harmless creatures!" Then I was mean enough to say, "Don't you think, if we had as many crickets in our kitchen as water-bugs, they would be equally as troublesome?"

"Well, but we don't."

"That's true," said I; "but"— And I was about to proceed with a forcible argument to show that like precious stones, rare coins, and the like, the "little harmless creature" was beloved because he was scarce, and not often found in the pantry; but I happened to remember the argument we had in camp, in regard to the difference of our watches, and refrained. I never do like to argue with a woman on general principles, with my wife for particular reasons: I prefer the barber. It is much more comfortable to have it cut off than pulled out, and the difference in the expense is trifling. One other reason also for not prolonging the argument: I believe in crickets, I don't in water-bugs; and arguing for the sake of argument, before breakfast, is absurd.

Such a charming morning, such an appetite for breakfast, and such a breakfast! tiny trout, mere fingerlings, fried so crisp they were simply delicious; thin slices of dry toast with the sweetest of butter; griddle-cakes upon which we poured the purest of maple sirup; coffee without the slightest suspicion of chiccory, mantled with the richest cream, — no wonder that we felt regretful at leaving such an hostelry.

Next to a meal under one's own roof, where your own and your loved one's tastes are known and catered to, give me one like this, though served in simple manner: let the cloth be white and clean, the napkins large and ditto, the forks four-tined, — I ask no more. For me no costly service, no elaborate bill of fare at hotel of high-sounding name, has half the charm. I have tried both; the latter too much for comfort, the former — well, I hope next year may find us there again.

Good-by, John! may the winter's frosts deal gently with thee and thine, and returning spring bring with it renewed strength and vigor, and bring us too, John, all of us, to this much-loved spot.

"Deacon, those three top seats, remember."

"Oh, they'll be all right! no danger of anybody's wantin' 'em at this end but your folks: country people like the inside best."

Which is a fact I have often noticed, but whether it can be explained by the same process of reasoning that will enable us to tell why Boston people never visit Bunker-hill Monument, I am unable to say. I only know, and knew it long before the Deacon mentioned it that morning, and many of my readers will bear me out in the fact, having undoubtedly witnessed the same thing very many times themselves, and which was, as Mr. Squeers would say, in this instance "a very pleasant thing for all parties."

And so, after seeing the traps well and snugly stowed, we mount to our lofty positions, and find ourselves nearly on a level with the top of Uncle John's piazza.

The last duty, that of receiving the mail-bag from the hands of Mr. Purington, having been performed, the great morning event of the day takes place; and amid the good-bys of our friends, the barking of a few village curs, and the rumbling of wheels, we are fast leaving the scenes of so many delightful pleasures.

"Take your last look at Old Bald Pate, friends, for there will be less hair upon your own, perhaps, when next his form you see: some deeper shadows than those resting upon his leafy bosom may cross your path before you come again. What, woman!

shedding a few tears? well done! Not tears, merely a little dust in your eyes, is it? Well, I wouldn't have ridiculed them, were they of joy at pleasures past, or a passing fear of what may come hereafter; but better, much better the former, and I know you too well to believe it could be the latter."

From the first person singular to the first person plural; and which of us shall hold the umbrella, is now the subject of anxious debate; for although —

> "As yet the early rising sun
> Has not attained his noon," —

and there is little fear of his deepening the tints of ruddy brown upon our faces, yet a covering such as this gives a subdued tone to the pretty farm scenes about us, and enables us to gaze with a clearer vision upon the far-off hills, which, like mighty barriers, seem to hem us in on every side. Naturally in this discussion the madam gracefully withdrew, and hid herself under another covering, — that of her sex, woman's rights being for the moment forgotten. It remained, therefore, for the question to be decided between Charlie and myself; which was settled somewhat summarily by the Deacon, who remarked that "he guessed the little fellow couldn't hold it against the wind anyhow:"

so I spread the gingham, and prayed for passing clouds.

And now the summit of Zurkin comes into view, is seen for an hour, then fades and disappears behind the many lesser hills which border our pathway; we cross the Androscoggin again, and Rumford greets our sight; and we regret to hear, as we leave the hotel where we change horses, that our female friend, she of the eloquent tongue, has been ingulfed in a torrent of her own eloquence, and perchance now in other lands beyond the stars is to coming strangers unveiling the glories that await them.

But we must not allow sober thoughts to detract from the pleasure of this glorious ride; and, to tell the truth, she didn't die, had merely returned to her home as we were doing — let us hope, with a soul as fully satisfied as ours.

"That there plant which you see, that little patch down yonder, on that sidehill, is terbacker. The chap that lives there come from Connecticut: he's trying to raise it, but I guess it won't come to much."

This from the Deacon, to party in the family circle.

"Well, Deacon, let us hope he will succeed; for, if it is a curse, it is a most fascinating and enjoya-

ble one, to say the least: so forgive me for quoting one who knew all about it, — hush!

> 'Sublime tobacco! which from east to west
> Cheers the tar's labor or the Turkman's rest;
> Divine in hookahs, glorious in a pipe,
> When tipped with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe;
> Like other charmers, wooing the caress
> More dazzlingly when daring in full dress;
> Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
> Thy naked beauties — give me a cigar!'

"One of those little ones, Charlie, I fain would smoke; and hold the umbrella, my boy, while I light and prepare for the remaining ten miles."

A puff of the fragrant smoke into the left nostril of the Deacon wakes him from a revery, and causes him to tickle the right ear of the off leader, at the same time reminding him of a little "swap" he made with a brother stage-driver a few days before. How he chuckled over the good trade he made! and the nigh pole horse got an extra "cut" in token of his satisfaction. Very likely the party of the second part might, even then, be relating to some willing listeners by his side the story of how he "jewed the Deacon:" at all events, there never was a man but thought his the better trade in "swapping horses."

The Deacon's experiences brought forth a similar

one on the part of the "little fellow;" and the pure fresh air soon roused us to song and shout, and we behaved very much like a party of school-children, who were soon to resume their desks and studies; and very likely we felt like them, for well we knew that all too soon were we to put off our country manners and customs, and don our city ways.

The madam thought the elderberry-wine, which we surreptitiously obtained at a wayside "agency," had something to do with raising our spirits; feeling she might possibly be correct, we lowered the spirits accordingly, which reminds me, *memo.*, never say "elderberry" to Charlie again.

In due time we arrived at Bryant's Pond to find nearly half of the male inhabitants of the village bear-hunting; for under cover of the night, and having not the fear of the selectmen before his eyes, one of these audacious fellows had descended from his mountain fastness to the plains below, and taken from under their very noses a goodly quantity of fine spring lamb; and now with many a weapon, from the old queen's-arm which gran'ther used in the Revolution, to the last breech-loader in the hands of the great-grandson just arrived from town, they had gone in search of his bearship.

I had almost a mind to say that the old chap knew something was bruin; but it's cheap, I *pause*,

and simply say he was too much for them; for, as one by one returned from the hunt, it was the same story, "nary bear." The anger and mortification showed itself strongest in the young men, as visions of untold quantities of bear's-grease, with which to anoint their flowing locks for some fair Dulcinea's gaze, had danced before their eyes and vanished forever.

The landlord at whose house we dined shrugged his shoulders in a manner which seemed to say, "It's lucky, old fellow, for your hide, that I didn't go out." "You see, marm," said he, "there ain't many of 'em as knows a bear's ways;" and the madam said "Yes." But, for all of his vanity and self-assurance, he gave us a good dinner; to which, thanks to the bracing stage-ride and the elderberry, we brought good appetites.

"And so, my dear boy, you are fully and irrevocably fixed in your decision, are you? Very well, then, we very soon must part."

This to Charlie, whom we had endeavored to prevail upon to accompany us to the White Hills, now so near; but "circumstances over which he had no control" rendered it necessary that he should return, and so here was to be our parting. And here, then, kind reader, shall we part; for this fishing story is at an end, unless you will take the

journey, no doubt a familiar one to you, and go with us through one more chapter, and revel once more in your mind's eye among the glories of those cloud-capped mountains.

But, as I have said, this fishing story is at an end; not for want of material, for there are other scenes and other times of equal pleasure that crowd my memory as I write these lines. And so will it ever be to you, my friend, should you, even in your later years, take up the angler's art: it grows with its growth, and strengthens with its strength, and, if uncurbed, may perchance, with many of us, become a passion.

But, for all that, it will fill the storehouse of our memories with many a scene of unalloyed pleasure, which in the sunset of life we may look back upon with fondest satisfaction.

If in the minds of any one of you who as yet are ignorant of the charm of fishing, as it has here been revealed, I have induced the desire for a test, "stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once," provided it be the season, and, the word of an old fisherman for it, you will thank me for these random pages.

If you do not, the pleasure it has been to talk over past experiences as I write, with the one to whom these pages are dedicated, has been sufficient, with-

out the additional satisfaction of fresh converts to the gentle art.

"Charlie, I hear the whistle : for a few days, farewell ; and remember, for it's worth your while,—

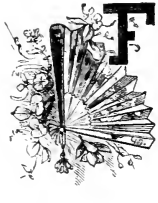
> Should cutters cut up like the deuce,
> And customers gang fail,
> You've interviewed the gamesome trout,
> And thereby 'hangs a tale.' "

"Good-by, Mrs. S——, and old Stevens, and be sure you don't tumble down the mountain."

And so we parted.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WHITE HILLS.



FROM my boyhood days I have been taught almost to reverence them; not taught, but naturally, from early association, I looked up to them, — literally so; for from the windows of my home I could, on a clear spring day, see the snow-clad peak of Mount Washington glistening under the warm sunlight.

And, to be more practical, the first real feast of apples I ever enjoyed was from a barrel, all my own, sent to me by a good woman of North Conway, who said it was a pity "the boy couldn't, for once, have all the apples he wanted." Could I ever forget her, dear Susan Hanson, afterward the wife of the late celebrated portrait-painter of our city, Albert Hoyt?

Her mountain home was under the shadow of those lordly hills. Then the pictured story of the Willey family, as seen in our early geographies, telling in such vivid language the story of their sudden destruction: these, and oft-repeated stories of our New England hills, the sight of the well-filled and top-crowded stage-coach, driven by that pioneer of mountain travel, Joseph Smith, the veteran whom all old Portlanders will well remember, united to fix indelibly in my young mind the wish that I might soon be old enough to be indulged with a nearer view of what, to my youthful imagination, seemed a world beyond my ken.

And so I grew up to love and revere these "Hills;" and from my first ascent of Mount Washington, by bridle-path from Crawford's, to later ones by rail, from the same starting-point, and by carriage-road from the Glen, till now, when with past memories fresh in my mind I look forward with fond anticipation of renewed enjoyment, I feel, as it were, that these hills were a part of the better part of myself.

And for far more than what I have written, — for the remembrance of those excursions includes the memory of a brother, a wife, and a mother, who shared the excitement of the ascent, and the rich return in the sublimity of the scenes spread

out at one's feet, whether in sunshine or in storm, when from the heavy clouds below came the crashing of the artillery of heaven, and the mutterings of the tempest, or when the glad sunlight lit up the distant hills, and made the countless lakes and streams beneath to sparkle and glow like sheets of silver.

But it is forward, and not backward, we must now look; and our landlord informs us that the train is about due which is to take us to Gorham. It soon appears; and we are seated, — not in company with the multitude, but, through the courtesy of the engineer, we are allowed the "first seat in the synagogue," and place ourselves by his side in the cab of the locomotive.

"With pleasure, if you will take your own risk," was that gentleman's reply to my request for the privilege of a seat beside him. I do not think, aside from the novelty of the situation, the change from the accustomed seat was a favorable one. There was a little satisfaction in being ahead, but not so much in being jolted from side to side in a manner strongly suggestive of getting a little too far on one side, and not getting back in season.

From Bryant's Pond to Gorham, where we take stage for the Glen House, the distance is about twenty-five miles; and at four in the afternoon we

reach that well-known locality. Here at that time, but which has since been burned, was a fine hotel, — the Alpine House, — where the traveller from a distance would often stay for a day or two, to recover from the fatigues of his journey, and enjoy the fine view of the mountains to be had at this point. But the stage-coach, and a nearer view of the hills, had more charms for us; and so, amid the rush of happy tourists, we climb to our lofty outside seats.

The fall before our visit, Mr. J. M. Thompson, who for many years had been the proprietor of the "Glen," was drowned during one of the greatest freshets that had occurred for many years, and which completely changed the course of many of the mountain streams.

His sons were this year keeping the hotel, in company with Mr. Stephen Cummings of Portland. The care of the horses and carriages devolved upon Mr. Whitney Thompson, and the office duties upon another son, Charles, — all old school acquaintances. That the stable duties required a person of energy and experience, may be understood when I mention that something like three hundred horses were usually required to supply the demand: they were employed on the stages between the Glen and Gorham, in ascending the

mountain, both by carriage and under the saddle, and for the private use of the guests. A finer lot of animals is seldom seen; and, if I have digressed a little, it is because my thoughts are taking me back so vividly to that afternoon stage-ride. Six coal-black horses, as smooth and sleek as can be found in any city stable or making the tour of Chestnut Hill, composed our team.

A dozen outside passengers, and a happy party we were. Being a steady ascent for ten miles, our ride was not a rapid one: still the changes of the scenery, the bracing air, and the constant expectation of something new to wonder at, made the time pass rapidly and pleasantly; and so we rattled on, until, all too soon, the journey was at an end, and our proud steeds stood impatiently pawing the ground, as we descended in front of the broad piazza of the "Glen."

As I look vacantly about me, collecting my thoughts for the next passage, my eyes rest upon the centre-table in our library, where I am writing: there are seven books in the rack, displaying the different literary tastes of the family; but, as I remember my feelings at that time, the book to which I should turn to describe my emotions is not among them, — no, nor is it in my library; yet such an one there is somewhere about the

house; my impression is, that it will be found in the kitchen-table drawer, sandwiched between sundry napkins, newspapers, flatiron-holders, and perhaps a few stray love-letters to Bridget. Oh! you can guess now, can you? you are right, it's the cook-book. And though I am fully aware, dear reader, that you would have gone without your supper to have gazed upon those grand and lofty peaks as they faded in the decline of day, yet the truth shall be spoken if we forfeit your regard: we left them, and sought the dining-room. We were hungry: we knew the mountains would keep, but the supper — well, there were doubts about that.

We did not have Harvard or Yale students to wait at table in those days, but we needed no college lore to teach us our method of procedure: in the language of Uncle John Merrill of Andover, we "took hold," and did full justice to our hosts and our appetites.

And after supper, how pleasant it was, — having lighted my cigar, and taken my chair to a lone corner of the piazza, and with only one beside me, but that one's every pulse beating in unison with mine, — to gaze up, far upward upon the shadowy peak of Washington, to see the sunlight fade away, the twilight come, and one by one, the stars appear! One does not feel like talking much under such influ-

ences. I am inclined to think that I just sat and smoked, and listened to the stillness about me; and that my companion of these glories was alike silent and thoughtful.

If I could only write how self-satisfied I feel at such times, — at peace with all the world, and forgetful of all its rough, hard edges! but it is no use attempting it: you have appreciated the feeling, of course you have; if not, you would have laid aside this book long before you came to this; for, if you are not such a lover of nature, you can never have journeyed with us thus far.

Then the darkness came, — a darkness that you could almost feel, very different from that of the half-lighted city or the unlighted village; a dreamy darkness, not so unlike but what we knew that it meant, to tired mortals, bed-time. We took the hint, and retired, hoping the clouds would dispel, the morrow be fair, and our ascent of the mountain a favorable one; and it was.

All mountain parties are merry ones; and it does not take long for the front seat to get acquainted with the rear, or all to become on free-and-easy terms with the driver. True, the romance is somewhat taken away, as we go up by carriage-road instead of the old bridle-path; but there's lots of fun left, nevertheless. The chances are, you will

have among your number a talkative man, a frightened woman, and several gushing misses: we did, — had them all, and managed to extract fun from each.

It is perfectly astonishing how familiar one gets to be on a short acquaintance, and the largest liberties are allowed on these occasions. It is not rapid locomotion, this ascent of mountains, even if in this day of improvements you do, if you are so inclined, travel by rail; and we had ample opportunity to study character on our way up. I do not propose to attempt a description of the beauties of the scenery that greeted our sight as different turns in our upward march constantly brought new scenes before us.

"Isn't it just charming?" "Don't you think we are going too near the edge, driver?" "Oh! how lovely!" such were the exclamations, varied somewhat, from time to time, by a comparison from the talkative man who had travelled abroad, and who apparently knew more about foreign countries than he did about his own.

And now the call for shawls and overcoats tells us that we are reaching the end of our upward journey; and the black and scurrying clouds, which are close above our heads, bid fair to give us a little wetting before we reach the summit.

But no, only a few flakes of snow, just enough to remind us of winter, and the clouds pass on, and it is sunshine again, and we are at the top of the mountain.

Such a chattering of teeth, and such a rush for the stove, by the ladies! such drawing of pistols (pocket ones) by the gentlemen! "It's so absur-ur-ur-d," said one young miss, "to be shivering in July: I suppose down below they're fan-anan-ning themselves."

But it did not take long to warm up; and, hunger succeeding to cold, dinner was the next thing in order. Whoever, among my readers, has dined at the "Tip-Top," will agree with me, that, although in one sense the meals are of a high order, and the price demanded in the same category, yet there is a wonderful chance for improvement in the cuisine.

Perhaps the worthy proprietor may have thought, that, the mind being well fed, the body could get along for one day on cold victuals and bad coffee; but that is poor logic, particularly when you are charged for a good dinner. I am told that it is better now, and hope I am told the truth.

"Hold on to the iron rods, or you will be blown away, my dear! Yonder pile of rocks is Lizzie Bourne's monument: you shall go to it, and add your stone, when the wind lulls."

Our view is better than the average; and after gazing with rapture and awe upon the many peaks beneath us, and the winding streams which are flowing onward to the distant ocean, upon the boundless forests stretching far away into the distance, the little villages scattered here and there, with their white cottages, and church-spires pointing heavenward, we prepare for our descent.

Words fail to convey the satisfaction felt by every one; and even the ladies are silent amid so much grandeur and glory. But they soon find their tongues as our sure-footed horses break into a trot, and our carriage rattles over the well-built road. The brakes are strong, and the driver knows his business; and, unheeding the "Oh, dears!" we rapidly journey downward; and, in less than half the time that the ascent required, we are at the door of the "Glen," where an excited crowd are waiting to receive us. Then our experiences are told to those who go up to-morrow, and every one is happy. A short time after our arrival, the rain, which had threatened us going up, began to fall; and the fair ones sought the shelter of the house, or needed rest in their rooms.

As there were several hours of daylight yet, and my rubber coat being handy, I could not resist the inclination to try a few casts in the stream which

flows by the house ; so, jointing my lightest rod, and selecting my smallest flies, I was soon in readiness for business.

"Follow the stream down to the mill-pond, and fish that," said Charlie Thompson, as I started out : "you will find larger trout, and you may meet Mr. Arthur and his friend ; they went out a little while ago." So, without stopping to inquire who Mr. Arthur might be, I directed my steps to the stream, and "followed it to the mill-pond" some half a mile below, now and then stopping for a cast, and being rewarded by the capture of several youngsters of about a finger's length, but losing more than I was taking, owing to my flies being too large.

Reaching the pond, I had rather better luck, and took out several of nearly a quarter of a pound ; but this was tame fishing after the glorious rises and magnificent play of the older members of the family with which I had been regaled. As the rain increased, I reeled up, and started for home by the road. Half way to the house I met two young gentlemen in Scotch suits, their rods over their shoulders, apparently oblivious of the rain which was then coming down in torrents. Naturally supposing this might be "Mr. Arthur and friend," I saluted them, and put the usual question, "Well, boys, what luck?"

"We have just started out," was the answer. "What have you done?"

By way of reply, I put my hand into my coat-pocket, and brought out a handful of small fry; remarking that I might have had many more, but that I had been fishing for larger game, and found my flies were too large to do good service.

This brought a very kind offer on their part to furnish me with a supply of a suitable size: telling them I should probably have no further use for them, thanking them kindly for their offer, and pointing out the direction to the mill-pond, I wished them good luck, and started for the house, which was then in sight. As I entered, I met Charlie T., who said, —

"Well, I see you met the Prince."

"Met who?"

"Why, Prince Arthur: that was he and his friend Col. Elphinstone, that you were talking with just now; that's who I meant by Mr. Arthur and friend. Didn't you know they were here?"

"No, I did not."

And so I had been keeping a scion of royalty standing in the rain to hear me expatiate on two-pound trout! Well, for once the plebeian had the advantage, for my skin was dry, and his must have been a trifle wet; but I imagine it did him little

harm, for does he not come from a reigning family? We had our little brooklets cooked for supper; and, after a pleasant chat over the incidents of the day, retired at an early hour to dream perchance of the glories of these everlasting hills.

CHAPTER IX.

CRYSTAL AND GLEN ELLIS FALLS.

MRS. THOMPSON says we must stay over one day more, and she will take us to Glen Ellis and the Crystal Cascade. She says we shall have the finest turnout in the stables: now won't you stay to-morrow, dear? You know this is my first visit; and, besides, I haven't seen the Prince, either, and" —

"Oh, good-night! do go to sleep, I'm so sleepy!"

"Well, that's a good boy; won't you?"

"Oh, yes! a week, a month — any time, any thing, so you let me go to sleep. Good-night!"

And so in the morning, the first thing I heard was, "You are real kind to stay another day."

"Who's going to stay another day?"

"We are: you know you said so last night."

Then it flashed upon me, a faint recollection that I had said something of the kind; and, before I could fully recall the conversation, it was all settled on the part of my better half, and the plans for the day fully arranged, — all I had to do was to submit gracefully. I had long since learned to retreat in good order, and I flatter myself that I can move off the field with as much dignity as though I had won the battle.

Meeting Prince Arthur in the reading-room after breakfast, we renewed our fishing chat; and he again offered his flies so politely that I accepted a few, one of which I keep in my fly-book as a reminder of our pleasant meeting, and as a souvenir of his visit.

It was the unanimous decision of both gentlemen and ladies, that he couldn't have been any more of a gentleman if he hadn't been a prince; for a more modest, well-informed, and agreeable young man (he was then about twenty), one seldom meets.

During the forenoon we fished the stream in the vicinity of the house, and caught some twenty or thirty little shavers; but none of any great size, the river being so constantly whipped by the guests of the house, that the trout have but poor show for attaining any growth.

After dinner our four coal-black horses were driven to the door, and as the guests of Mrs. Thompson we started for Glen Ellis and the Cascade. A beautiful drive, and then a charming walk through the woods, brought us to the former. Long and lovingly did we watch the dashing waters, as they leaped from rock to rock in their rapid descent. The Glen Ellis is not an abrupt fall, but rather a succession of rapids, whose foaming waters seemingly gather strength as they press onward for their final plunge into a pool of crystal clearness.

We viewed them from their commencement; then we descended by staircases to the rocky bank, where I left the ladies, and, climbing over the huge masses of rock, followed the cataract in its descent till the rushing torrent had again become a peaceful river, and was murmuring onward, onward, to the sea, so far away.

Then I bathed my forehead in its cooling stream, and drank of its liquid clearness; and as I looked back to where in its mad career it seemed to be impatient to reach its goal, and was beating itself against its mighty barriers, I thought: Yes, it is just so with humanity; we rush forward in the struggle for supremacy, we beat against impassable barriers, now catching our breath for a fresh start, now borne onward by the passing wave of popular

applause, again, like yonder silent eddy, turning in at the wayside to get a little rest before we leap into the unknown beyond.

"Mister, your coat-tails are getting wet!" This salutation from a barefooted urchin below me — who with a sapling as youthful as himself was flinging his line across the stream — aroused me from my meditations, and caused me to take a more literal look at things present. Wringing the moisture from my garment, I retraced my steps to the less hazardous position where I had left our party, and who were patiently awaiting my return.

Retracing our steps, we were soon again seated in our mountain wagon, and bowling along at a rapid pace for the Crystal Cascade. Here a much longer walk, but for which we were well repaid, awaited us; and following the well-trodden path, with an occasional rest on a wayside seat, we were soon within sound and sight of this beautiful fall.

What a contrast! here no rude, rushing, rioting waters plunge seemingly on to their own destruction; but gently as the April shower falls upon the thirsting earth the sparkling waters pause upon the precipice's brink, break into a thousand crystals, and, as if fearing to disturb the calmer depths below, toy with each other in their slow descent, reflecting rainbow glories as they pursue the prismatic gems that have preceded them.

"Oh! how restful, how soothing!" came from the lips of the one I had been closely watching, as she turned from the silvery sheen, and looked into my eyes. "Could any thing be more beautiful?" The dancing, happy streamlet waited not my answer, but sang its song of welcome, and dashed its foamy fleckness at our tired feet, bringing sweet repose and an upward thought to Him who at creation's birth formed these glories, and gave us the sensibilities to appreciate and reverence them as the work of his hands. And so we gazed in silence,

> "Knowing that Nature never did betray
> The heart that loved her,"—

until the shadows of evening fell upon our pathway, and reminded us that we were far from home. Gathering a few mosses from the river's bank, we bid good-by to the laughing waters; and, with hearts brimful of thankfulness for the enjoyment which we had received, we sauntered back to the roadside where our impatient horses were pawing the ground, eager for our coming.

Our homeward drive was joyous and happy; and to the question, as we alighted upon the piazza, of "Now, sir, aren't you glad you staid another day?" I could only reply, as I looked into those gleaming eyes, "Yes, very."

It is wonderful how naturally one takes to their food, and what a relish it has, on these vacation trips. I remember how many times I have come back to the table, after finishing my hasty meal, to find Charlie passing the madam another bit of cold chicken, and the madam reciprocating with a delicate slice of cold beef; then I would indulge in another smoke, and come again to find them gossiping over the third cup of tea: stanch tea-drinkers they, — would have concealed a little in their stockings, had they lived in the rebellious times of our forefathers. But, Charlie having left us, I was obliged on this occasion to remain, and do the honors at the supper-table long after my own slight (?) appetite was appeased. "How can you?" said I, as one choice morsel after another disappeared.

"How can you, after witnessing such beautiful creations of nature, descend to the common vulgar habit of eating?"

"How can I? Should not the mind and the body maintain a just equipoise? (Another trout, please.) If the soul is filled to overflowing with the grandest scenes of nature, should not (the dry toast, thank you,) the body be strengthened to sustain the weight of so much mental excitement? What time do we breakfast?"

My answer was anticipated by our watchful waiter; and I fancied I noticed the faintest suspicion of a smile lurking about the corners of his ruby lips, as he removed our chairs. I would not say positively; but I think, as we left the supper-room, I saw that smile expand into a grin, as with one hand in his pocket, and the fingers of the other wandering abstractedly through his curly wool, he surveyed the vast array of empty dishes spread before him.

Had his thought found utterance, we should probably have heard a remark something like this: "It's nuthin' to me, but it does beat de debble; dar's suthin' 'bout dese ar mountins, dat gibs um all a big appetite, dat's shore."

To the piazza again, to our favorite corner; and as the blue vapors from my fragrant bowl float upward in miniature resemblance to those which are settling down upon yonder vales, as twilight fades and night comes on apace, we fall into revery: silence becomes the rule, speech the exception.

But I do remember one slight diversion. We were both gazing intently at a few fleecy flecks of clouds that were chasing each other in seeming playfulness across the pathway of the moon, then at its silvery roundness; when, turning her face

from that of Cynthia to mine, the madam propounded the following question: —

"Why are *we* like the moon?"

Instantly my mind went travelling into the past, seeking to recall a passage from some favorite poet that should answer the question. But in vain: I could find plenty of quotations; but all were too sickly sentimental, too "moony," for our time of life, and at last I gave up in despair.

Turning towards me with a most self-satisfying look, though breathing a contradictory sigh, —

"We are like the moon, my dear," said she, "because we are full."

Whenever in simple truthfulness I have related this little occurrence to a circle of listening friends, it has always, by the madam, been emphatically denied; and the last time, to prove the whole story an invention of my brain, she triumphantly produced an almanac of that year, and showed to the listeners that on the evening in question there was no moon, at least within range of our vision.

To say that I was dumbfounded, would convey but a slight idea of my feelings. With the remembrance of Luna's silvery brightness as she shone upon us that summer evening, and the sparkle of the madam's eyes, as the practical answer to her own query came from her lips, and to gaze into them as

she pointed with stubborn finger to the fatal page, — could I but blush, and stand amazed?

Was it really a delightful fiction of my own, told so often that I had come to believe it? I have heard of such cases. In the language of the press, "that powerful engine," — *et cetera, et cetera,* — the tide of popular feeling was turning toward her, and so rapidly that in the face of the proof I was powerless; when, in turning the pages of the yearly chronicler, I made a discovery. The artless (?) one had privately pasted the covers of an almanac of that year upon the fresher pages of the present one; thus seeking, by one bold stroke of generalship, to banish once and forever all further allusion to the subject.

One cannot sit on the piazza all night, any more than one can eat all day. The last pipe must be smoked, and the last look taken; and so, as I knocked the ashes from my bowl, we took one good-night look at the grand old hills, and sought the rest that was needed after the sight-seeing of the day.

> "Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,"—
> "Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleave of care,"—

unknits rheumatic stitches, and the tangled meshes of an active brain; that many a conscience-stricken

soul would fain enjoy, but cannot; that the beggar finds with the closing of his eyes, while all the courting of a kingly crown

"Can't woo her to his bed."

Sleep, that near sister to the silent grave, soon spread her mantle over us, and brought sweet dreams. I am not so sure about the dreams — I had forgotten the supper; but, at all events, we slept, I am sure of that, or we shouldn't have woke in the morning, which we assuredly did, — woke to the realizing sense that we were to take an early start, and that, if we wished to take any thing else, we must be up and about it. As it was, we were a little late, and the tangles came out of that back hair in a hurry: the idea of losing our breakfast — "oh! monstrous thought" — made nimble fingers active fly.

Good-by to you, ye cloud-capped peaks; good-by to you, ye lesser hills, your tops new glistening in the morning sun; good-by, foaming cataract and purling streams; good-by, sweet fields, that,

"Beyond the swelling flood,
Stand decked in living green."

Farewell! but we shall meet again. Summer's green shall change to autumn tints; winter shall

wrap with whitest covering, and chain with icy fetters; but a budding spring and another summer shall unveil your beauties, unloose your bonds, and bring the wanderers back once more to behold your glories.

"Driver, we're ready: drive on."

CHAPTER X.

GRAND LAKE.

"SO I suppose," said the madam, one bright January day, as I entered the library, with my favorite bamboo rod in my hand; "and so Mr. McAtee's coming to see you has aroused your enthusiasm, has it?"

"Well, partly that, and partly Edward Seymour's paper on 'Trout-Fishing in the Rangeley Lakes,' in the February 'Scribner.' The fact is, last year's strain on this old friend was a little too much for its strength; and it has got to visit the maker, and be overhauled."

As I drew from the case its several joints, and gazed upon them with the air of satisfaction and pleasure which a sportsman feels when handling some tried and trusty companion of his joys, was it at all a wonder that the good times associated

with this silent though lifelike friend should come throngings through my memory, and awake once more the slumbering past?

Faithful friend! what wonder that these slender joints should weaken with your last season's work, — fifty land-locked salmon, with their twenty times fifty runs and leaps, captured with thy aid, in a single day! Is it not asking and expecting quite too much from eight and a half ounces of split bamboo?

"And did it accomplish such a feat?" I hear you ask.

It did; and the memory of that day's sport, with many others akin to it, has tempted me once more to take up the pen, and, by the warm fireside, look through the frosts and snows of January back to the sunshine and showers of June.

The locality of which I am about to write is no new sportsman's elysium. The shores of "Grand Lake Stream" had been trod, and its surface paddled over, by the ardent fisher and his Indian guide, long before the writer stumbled over his A B C's; and, if ever a shadow of discontent flitted before me as I have cast my flies upon its rushing waters, it was that I could not have visited its sylvan shores before the hand of civilization had shorn its surroundings of many of its beauties.

There is — and in our day and generation there will be at least — good fishing and hunting far away from the haunts of men; but little can be found, even at this day, near enough to the man of business, combining every thing in its surroundings and its sport to make glad the heart of the true angler.

I think, had I not been lured from the salmon trout of the Rangeleys, by stories of the leaps of the land-locked salmon of Grand Lake Stream, the steamboat's puffing now heard breaking the stillness of those charming waters would have finished me. And yet I have been to Grand Lake for the past four years, and actually have swallowed two steamboats and — on horror's head horrors accumulate — one tannery every year.

I reason like this: had the steamboats followed me, as much as the fishing delights and charms, I should probably have "folded my tent," as many a disheartened sportsman has done before me, "and quietly stole away;" but, expecting them and their accompaniments, I tolerate them, as many others are willing and obliged to, for fishing that cannot — I say it with due deliberation — be excelled in the United States.

I do not believe there is a true sportsman but that enjoys the companionship of nature nearly, if

not quite, as much as the fishing itself. One without the other would not be sufficient; and for myself, though I love fly-fishing next to my wife and children, I am free to say that I would better enjoy a vacation, with them about me, among the hills of New Hampshire, leaving the rod behind, than taking the most gamesome fish within a dozen miles of the Hub.

You that have had the sweet experience of the angler's haunts need not be told how much the solitary dip of the paddle, the unbroken lines of forest-trees, their clear-cut shadows in the placid lake, and the cry of the startled loon, add zest to your enjoyment. And now, if you will excuse me for so much apparent digression, induced, I fear, somewhat to apologize for my acquaintance with the before-mentioned steamboats, I will tell those of you who do not know, as well as those who do, the whereabouts of these famous fishing-grounds, and how you may go there and enjoy only a bowing acquaintance with Robert Fulton's addition to our civilization.

The St. Croix River forms a part of the boundary-line between the State of Maine and the Province of New Brunswick. It has two branches, each rising in a chain of lakes called The Schoodics, though now more familiarly known as the Eastern

and Western Grand Lakes, — the largest lake in each chain being called Grand Lake. Johnson, however, on his map, gives the name of the larger Eastern lake as The Schoodic, or Grand Lake. In the waters of all these lakes, and the beautiful streams connecting them, are found, in goodly numbers, that mettlesome and much-discussed fish, — the land-locked salmon.

The eastern chain are reached by the North-American and European Railroad, from Bangor, which crosses the river at a small station called St. Croix, where, I understand, outfits and guides can be procured.

It is, however, with the western chain that I propose to acquaint you by the aid of my map, designed and executed by that experienced guide, scholar, — though his studies have been from Nature, not books, — and sportsman, Tomah Joseph, added to my own information, picked up in five seasons of sporting on its waters.

The most northerly of the chain is Duck Lake, about twenty miles from Winn, Me., — a station on the railroad before mentioned. Near the shore of this lake resides Mr. Albert Gowell, a sturdy farmer, and the fisherman's friend, who by appointment will meet you at Winn, and take you to the lake; or Mr. Gates, the proprietor of the

village hotel, — an obliging and agreeable gentleman, — will perform for you the same service.

Just overlooking this charming sheet of water, a camp has been recently built, owned, and occupied in the season, by the Messrs. Barber, Davis, and others, of Boston and vicinity, where a sportsman's welcome is always given when the occupants are "at home."

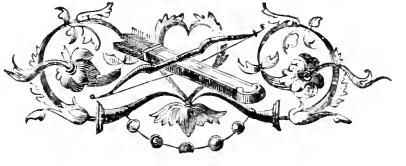
Duck Lake — about a mile and a half in length — connects with Junior Lake, six miles in length, by Duck Lake Stream; at the left of Junior lie Scragby and Pleasant Lakes, both beautiful sheets of water. On the right of Junior, and approached through Junior Stream and Compass Thoroughfare, lie Compass Lake and the two Sisladobsis, known more familiarly as the Dobseys, where the well-known "Dobsey Camp" is situated.

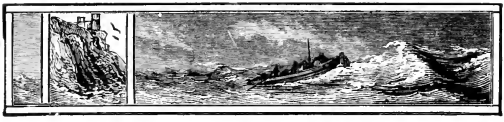
Passing through Junior Stream, about two and a half miles in length, we enter Grand Lake, a beautiful sheet of water, twelve miles long; again, Grand Lake Stream, three miles in length, connects with Big Lake, Long Lake, and Louis Lake, where rises the West Branch of the St. Croix, and where is situated the village of Princeton, Me.

Here one can take the railroad — twenty miles — to Calais, steamer to Eastport, and the International Line of Steamers to Boston, making, in

good weather, a very pleasant way of returning; or, at Calais, you may take the all-rail route through Bangor to Boston, — time, twenty-four hours.

Now, you have been there and back, in your imagination; if you are willing to follow me still farther, or rather over the same ground, or water, as you may prefer, at a somewhat slower pace, I will tell you how I once went, with whom, and, by "an honest count," the *net* result of our trip.





CHAPTER XI.

HOW NOT TO GO.

ROUGHLY blew the wind, the rain poured in torrents, "the waves rolled mountains high," and the madam lay in her state-room, oh! so sick.

"Shall I bring you a cup of tea?"

"Oh, no, no!"

"Or a lemon, or"—

"No, nothing, nothing. Oh! who would have thought yesterday that we should be tossed about in this way?"

And indeed who would? It was the eighteenth of June, eighteen hundred and seventy-five, the day after the grand Bunker-hill centennial celebration; and we had driven to the International steamer, through streets hung with banners wet and drooping that but yesterday waved in the bright sunlight

as thousands of the flower of the volunteer militia of the United States passed under them.

I had been in the saddle ten hours on that eventful day, spent the evening in packing camp luggage for our annual fishing-trip to Grand Lake, and retired thinking that our pleasant sail on the morrow would give us ample opportunity for much-needed rest and recuperation.

But, alas! the highly old and respectable firm of Pluvius and Boreas put their heads together; and the latter so stirred up the former, that rest and comfort to us poor landsmen was one of the lost arts.

We were pitching along through a heavy sea, a stiff easterly gale blowing, the rocky coast outline being scarcely perceptible through the mist and rain.

I had been gazing out of the stateroom-window at the any thing but inviting prospect, occasionally administering a few crumbs of comfort to the limp specimen of womanly beauty and equal rights who lay so quietly in her narrow berth; when at her feeble request to consult the officers of the boat as to whether there might be or was a presumptive, presumable, plausible probability of the storm letting up a little, — "For," said she, "if I've got to — stand — this — all — the way — to — Eastport — I"

— and then she quite gave out, — I opened the stateroom-door, and with a graceful skip and a bound landed under the saloon-table in search of the captain.

He was not there, however; and so I picked up a modest little pin, and stuck it into the lappel of my coat, and came up smiling. One old chap, who stood as firm as though he was planted, smiled too, a sarcastic smile as though he doubted that I was really after that pin: it irritated me, and I felt disposed to be pugilistic; but my better feelings triumphed, and I rushed into his arms, and embraced him like a long-lost brother.

By means of forced marches, sudden halts, and an occasional "double-quick," I succeeded in reaching the forward deck, where I found less rain, but more wind and sea. Here I also found one solitary son of the sea, pacing up and down, seemingly very comfortable in his oil jacket and sou'-wester. He cast his eyes in such a knowing manner at the clouds and round the various quarters of the globe, that, although I felt convinced that he was not the captain, I was sure he was my weather chronicler. Having secured a place in his track, and found something to lean against, I waited till he bore down upon me, then hailed him.

"What do you think of the weather, sir?"

"Thick."

"Thick?"

"And nasty."

This was certainly a very decided and correct answer to my question; but wasn't exactly what I was after, having come to the same conclusion myself, though I don't think that I could have worded it quite so expressively.

Waiting till he bore down again, I sent him another hail: —

"Do you think she'll clear up, sir?"

Somehow I had the idea that "she" sounded a little more sailor-like; but when he stopped short, and looked at me, I wished I hadn't: he read me.

First he took off his sou'wester, shook the rain off it, put it on, then hitched up his trousers, shifted his quid, looked at me again, down at the water, up at the clouds, then nowhere in particular but everywhere in general, and finally delivered himself of this opinion: —

"Why, you see, sir, it's liable to be a nasty night, sir: the wind's piping it strong from the east'ard; blowed so all last night, and them 'ere low clouds 'long there looks ugly. If it works round a little more to the nor'ard and east'ard, sir, I reckon 'fore we gets into Frenchman's Bay cups and sarcers will rattle sum."

With this comforting intelligence, I returned, by a circuitous route, to "Stateroom B," and proceeded to deliver my information to the afflicted one, in truly nautical style; embellishing it, however, sufficiently to have it appear to my own mind, that it would be "extra hazardous" for us to continue on the boat farther than Portland, which city happily we were now approaching.

Wishing to be left alone to try and sleep, I left the feeble one, and returned again to the deck, to cultivate the more intimate acquaintance of my "nor' east by nor'" friend.

I found he had been joined by another "salt," who was pointing to a low ridge of rocky coast, which we were passing within easy hailing-distance. Seeing they were both somewhat excited, I managed to get near enough to overhear their conversation.

"Now Bill, 'spose 'tis: do you really b'lieve 'tis buried there?"

"B'lieve it! thar's no sort'er doubt on't. I've seen the cap'n p'int it out ter passengers time and time ag'in; and I heard him tell somebody one night when I was on watch, that he'd had a man digging there for a month; the chap he told it to, asked him if he commenced to dig on the full of the moon; and Cap. said he didn't know 'bout that;

and the man told him that 'twas no use, unless he did: he was sure not to find it."

"The captain ought to knowed that," responded the new-comer.

"Knowed it, of course he had! everybody knows Cap'n Kidd al'ers buried his money on the full 'er the moon. Cap'n ought'er know better."

"Ain't you goin' to try your luck some time?"

"Ain't I? Ain't I savin' all my wages, just for that? there ain't no sorter doubt, there's a million dollars buried there, — it's sure as truth; I'm watchin' for signs, and, when they come right, you bet I'll be there a-diggin'."

The appearance of the mate, with an order for the sailor, interrupted the conversation at this point; but I had heard enough to interest me. I had seen another locality where the late Capt. Kidd had buried his treasure. When I was a boy, I used to visit with awe a certain spot on the back of Munjoy Hill, in Portland, where many a man had dug and dug for the supposed hidden ducats of this, to my now thinking, much over-estimated "bold privateer."

As I write these lines, I read in the papers of the day, that the people in the vicinity of Coffin's Island, near New Jersey, have gone stark-staring mad over a rumor, a report, a tradition, or a clair-

voyant's vision, or a something or a somebody, who has discovered that this island is full of the captain's gold.

A company has been formed, and I read they intend digging up the entire island. I hope they may find "millions in it," but have my doubts. Two hundred years is a long time; and Capt. Kidd might have been a mythical character, or at all events, if he was not, there is not much doubt but what his buried treasures are a myth. If those Jersey men will devote themselves to planting and then digging sweet potatoes, and such other commodities as their climate encourages, they will probably be both happier and richer in the end, than if they dug up Coffin's Island, and shovelled it into the Atlantic Ocean.

Arriving in Portland we find the storm increasing; and, as the prospect of the steamboat proceeding farther that night seemed a faint one, we go to the Falmouth Hotel; and on the morrow take the cars for Bangor and Forest Station, distant about two hundred miles, where we were told a stage would be found to take us across the country to Princeton, distant thirty miles.

We arrive there at noon; and find the station and the forest, for which it is so happily named, and nothing else. Oh! yes, — the stage and its driver.

If I should ask you, my reader, to stop here for a moment, and describe that stage, you would probably reply, "A Concord coach with yellow trimmings, with four well-groomed horses pawing the ground, impatient to begin their labors." You wouldn't? Oh! you know better, do you? You have seen some of these country coaches, have you? Then you would say, "A clumsy, well-muddied, two-seated wagon: said seats covered with buffalo-robes strongly reminding one of Tom Hood's poem of 'The Lost Heir,' with but two horses 'hitched' to it, not 'pawing,' and not at all impatient to start;" and now you think you have got it, don't you?

Well, you have not, with all your wisdom. "Season your imagination for a while," and I will describe that conveyance, its driver, what it was expected to carry to Jackson Brook, and how near it came to fulfilling its mission.

The stage was an ordinary one-seated wagon; *imprimis:* the body old and rickety, the seat drooping and shaky; the forward axle sprung, the rear apparently about ready to spring; the wheels way-worn and weary, and oh! so *tired.* The motive-power, one horse, a modern Rosinante; the harness, from bridle to crupper, like that which covered Petruchio's steed when he went to woo the

fair Katherine. The driver, a veteran of some eighteen summers, bold and self-possessed, firm, but modest. There you have them.

The passengers to be carried, — a lady resident of Princeton, a commercial traveller, madam, and myself.

The baggage, — one medium-sized trunk, one small ditto, one canvas tent, one stove in canvas, one box, one case of fishing-rods, several hand-bags, and one package of samples.

The commercial traveller and the samples remained at Forest Station: the balance of animate and inanimate freight went to Jackson Brook, and in this way. The seat was moved forward to the very front of the wagon, the baggage was all stowed away in the rear: the two ladies mounted the seat; madam handled the ribbons, and thus we started.

"Yes, but yourself and the driver?"

"Oh! we walked behind the wagon."

The road was poor, and the load a reasonably heavy one for one horse; and had it not been for the rear-guard, who under the most favorable circumstances could hardly have been expected to trot, any thing faster than a walk was positively out of the question, and we walked.

I have always held that the writer of travels should lean decidedly towards the truth, and saving

in some harmless imagination never o'erstep its boundaries; and truth compels me to state that there was nothing on this ride of three miles, in the way of scenery or of rural homes, to excite our admiration or turn our thoughts from the discomforts of the situation. Truth also compels me to say that I beguiled my time by lying to the driver.

It was rather a mean advantage, considering his age, I admit; but I was drawn into it by a flattering remark from the youth, and the fact that

> "Satan finds some mischief still,
> For idle hands to do."

The madam had very dexterously avoided a mud-hole on one side, and a huge stone on the other, which caused the lad to say, —

"She kin drive, she kin."

"She ought to, brought up to it, sir; broke colts when she was young; can ride any horse in the world, do any thing with them; born to it."

"Sho!" (walking round to the side of the wagon to get a good look.) "Is she your woman?"

"My wife, sir."

"What else can she do?"

"Shoots a little."

"You don't say so!"

"On the wing entirely, sir; bags her game every

time, rarely misses. It would make you open your eyes to see her handle a rifle; got a natural instinct for shooting."

"Well, I swow! Can she fish?"

"Fish? you ought to see her: that's her best hold. Why, she can paddle a canoe, strike a trout, and net him, all at the same time."

"I reckon some of our fellers would just like to see her."

"Yes, but you should hear her sing and play the flute, and talk eleven different languages: then you would begin to think she knew something." And so I went on like a villain, while his jaw dropped, and his eyes rolled in wonder, until I began to feel that the earth might open and swallow me.

After a while even this choice amusement failed to amuse, and we plodded along in silence, up hill and down, I quieting my conscience by the thought that he couldn't possibly believe my Munchausens; but I am afraid he did, for when at last the dismal ride and walk had come to an end, and our fares were to be paid, he pointed to the heroine of rod, rifle, and rein, and said with an air of profound veneration, —

"I sha'n't take nothin' for her."

Then my conscience smote me so hard that I insisted on full payment, and, as I bid the youth

good-by, remarked that perhaps I had somewhat overrated my wife's sporting accomplishments; but he was, I fear, too firmly fixed to be shaken.

At Jackson Brook, a little village of probably two hundred inhabitants, we dined.

The tavern was neat and comfortable. While we were waiting for our dinner to be prepared, we had ample time to rest, and make comments.

I will describe the furnishing of the sitting-room, to the best of our united remembrances, as it may bring to the recollection of the reader some room similarly adorned where in bygone days he or she may have passed a pleasant hour.

A rag-carpet; two round braided mats; a melodeon, on which lay several well-worn sacred tune-books; a high-backed, wooden-seated rocking-chair; several straight-backed wooden chairs painted in black, with yellow ornamentation; a Franklin fireplace filled with a tasteful collection of green branches; a high mantle-piece adorned with two plaster-of-Paris parrots, in green and yellow plumage, a vase of lilacs, and one of syringas; above them, looking down upon the peaceful scene, a highly colored print of Grant and his Generals; on the table, covered with a red embossed cloth, a Bible, hymn-book, one or two secular volumes, Robert B. Thomas's Almanac, and a copy of "The New York Ledger."

Thus you will see a general air of neatness and taste pervaded the modest apartment.

The bedrooms of these country taverns, one or more of which are found in every little village, are usually neat and tastily furnished: but the beds are bad, the food and cooking, to the city taste, abominable; for which reason we prefer camp-life, our bed of boughs, and our guide's proficiency in the culinary art.

A rather stronger horse and a two-seated wagon, with a change of horse at Topsfield, carried us the rest of our journey to Princeton, about twenty miles; not a pleasant ride, although the day was fine, for we felt that we were too much of a load for the patient animals.

The only object of special interest, aside from being questioned by nearly every one we met, as to the cause of a dense smoke which filled the air, completely shutting out the scenery about us, and which we knew as little about as they, was a horseman who passed us at a rapid rate, turned, came back, and inquired the distance to a certain house on our road.

"That man," said our driver, as he rode away, "is as blind as a bat: he tunes pianos and melodeons, and he goes round this country as you see him now."

Just then he turned his horse, a beautiful black colt, out from the road, rode up to the door of a cottage some little distance off, exchanged a few words with a couple of girls, turned, and passed down the road before us on a rapid canter, and was soon lost to our sight.

It seemed hard to believe the evidence of our senses; but, after all, it was only another illustration of the acuteness acquired by the remaining senses, when one or more are lost.

I suggested to the driver that his horse must know him, and be strongly attached to him.

"Know him," he replied: "I *guess* he does; that hoss knows he's blind just as well as I do."

And perhaps he did.

Thankful and happy were we when just at dusk we stepped from our "stage" upon the piazza of the hotel, and were met by our Indian guide, whose greeting was cordial and welcome: —

"Here at last, Tomah."

In my first chapter I gave you two routes by which you may reach Grand Lake: this is a third.

Shun it.

CHAPTER XII.

TOMAH JOSEPH.

JUST a few evenings since, I read in my "Transcript" the following extract, which most readers would have passed unnoticed; which having perused, I leaned back in my chair, and laughed so heartily that I had to explain myself, and so I read this, aloud: —

"The Passamaquoddy Indians are represented at Augusta, Me., by their delegate Tomah Joseph, who presented a petition for a road from Big Lake to Grand Lake Stream, fifty dollars, a priest, a stove, a chimney, and a dance-hall."

Shades of the departed! whose mantle has fallen upon thee, Tomah, that we should thus behold thee in this new sphere of usefulness?

Whence the vaulting ambition that led thee to

forsake thy happy hunting-grounds for the halls of legislation?

And now, forsooth, instead of "Joe, you Injun, pass the net," it must be: "Will the honorable gentleman from Peter Denis's Point assist me to land this salmon?"

But one thought affords me consolation in this trying affliction.

It was my boots that trod those legislative halls. It was my waistcoat that swelled with natural pride when the speaker recognized the delegate from the Passamaquoddy tribe.

Tomah Joseph, the son of his father who still at an advanced age occasionally acts as guide, is now about forty years of age, is himself father of several embryo guides, and as 'cute an Indian as ever paddled a canoe. To enumerate his several accomplishments in his particular line, would require more space than we can afford to give him at this time. In casting a fly I have never seen him excelled, scarcely equalled. In mending rods he is an adept. I think, after seeing him run the rapids on the stream, Mr. Murray would preach a sermon from that text.

The flute is Joe's evening companion; and to its sweet music the dusky maidens and their happy partners move gayly in the merry dance, or the tired

fisherman reposing upon the bank after a day of pleasant toil is often soothed to rest by its softest notes.

If it should ever happen that Joe should read this allusion, — which he probably never will, for two reasons; first because he can't read, and secondly being too old to learn, — he would, I fear, never forgive me for saying that he was a trifle lazy: such, however, is the fact. I don't mean to say that he would shirk any real duty; but if he had any heavy job on hand he would somehow manage to make you see that it were best not to do it at all, or suggest some plan by which a somewhat similar result might be reached with less manual labor.

It is rather amusing now, to look back and think how he had his way on many of our little excursions when I fondly supposed I was having my own.

Willing to indulge in a little "fire-water" when asked, I never knew him to ask for it, or to obtain it elsewhere when acting as my guide.

Quick to take a joke, good at repartee, and withal brighter than the average white man in "those parts," Tomah not only fulfilled every thing required of him in his position, but was always the best of company.

When in deep thought he has a habit of stroking

his chin with his thumb and fingers, as if feeling for whiskers which he never found.

He was doing this about eight o'clock the morning after our arrival at Princeton, as we stood on the little wharf at Louis Lake with quite a pile of traps lying about us.

"That's a stove, you say, in that canvas, Mr. Stevens?"

"Yes, that's a stove, camp-stove."

"And that big canvas bag's got your bedding in it, humph?"

"Yes."

"Ugh! 'Twouldn't do to get them wet, would it? The birch might leak going up, and it might be" (scratching his head a little) "safer to" —

"To what, Joe?"

"I was thinking, we might send 'em up on the steamer."

"What will it cost?"

"Oh! a quarter."

"All right: take them over to the boat." Which he did not exactly do, but went over to where the boat lay, and returned with the captain and engineer who compose the crew; and they transfer all our plunder, with the exception of my rods and a small satchel or two, to the deck of the steamer.

"How's this, Tomah?"

"Got him to take it all for a quarter." Now, that was a fair illustration of Joe's shrewdness. He knew that if he had proposed to send all our baggage up by boat, I should have thought him lazy, and the expense greater than it was, and unnecessary. The upshot was, that the luggage got to the top of Missionary Hill, where we were to camp, without his handling twenty pounds of it.

The day was fine, and we had before us twelve miles of canoeing. Our route lay through Louis Lake, Long Lake, and Big Lake. Very prettily situated on the shore of the latter is one of the villages of the remnant of the Passamaquoddy tribe of Indians, the residence of Joe, and many other guides of note.

I have been a good deal of a traveller in my life, and have journeyed in many different conveyances, both by land and water, on business or pleasure. I hardly think you could mention one in use in our country in which I have not travelled more or less, from a canal-boat to an ocean-steamer, from a buckboard to a Pullman car. Once in my life I tried ballooning, but only for the matter of a couple of thousand feet with a good stout cable attached to the air-ship.

I can truly say that I know no manner of locomotion more exciting and exhilarating, more restful

and refreshing, as the case may be, than canoeing.

You sit in the bow of the birch, on comfortable robes, with one at your back, with your face to the front, a trolling-line in your hand, your rifle or revolver within easy reach, your pipe in your mouth, and you are ready for repose or excitement.

A bend in the stream or lake unfolds new beauties to your view; you gaze dreamily upon the far-away mountain-tops and the unbroken forests with their different shades of green. You are recalled to your senses by the cry of an erratic loon: you scan the calm surface of the lake until your eye seeks him out; but the quick-sighted Indian has seen him before you, and a few strong sweeps of his paddle send us flying towards him.

He is down, he is up again, and a bullet goes whizzing after him; it misses, of course, and down he goes to be greeted with another when he rises: after an exciting chase and a few more harmless shots, we permit him to rest, and pursue our onward course. And now a strong pull from behind gives us a new sensation; and with an "I've got him," we pull alongside a handsome salmon. The guide slips the net under him, and we feast our eyes upon this king of the waters. Oh! this is unalloyed happiness: care comes not here. With a clear con-

science within, bright sunshine without, the sparkling waters below, and God's pure sky above, one can almost say with the sacred poet, —

> "There can I bathe my weary soul
> In seas of heavenly rest,
> And not a wave of trouble roll
> Across my peaceful breast."

We are now in sight of our landing, have enjoyed every moment of our sail. Just as we pass from the lake into the stream, Joe, who sees every thing, stops paddling, says, "Sh! look," and pointing with his paddle we descry, at the top of a decaying tree of immense size, "the proud bird of our country," an American eagle. He sees us at about the same moment, but does not like the cut of our jib, for he stretches his wings, and soars away.

We were glad to see him in repose, but his flight, grand and majestic, was a more sublime sight.

"A good omen, Joe," said I, as the canoe touched the bank, and we prepared to disembark.

"Yes, that means plenty salmon."

Getting out of a canoe, and preserving your equilibrium, is no easy matter to the uninitiated; and my advice to such is, don't hurry, take it coolly. The madam hurried once, or made a misstep, and when I turned to assist her she lay on her back by

the shore of the stream, but no harm came of it: two strong Indians fished her out, and I — Well, I'm afraid I stood on the bank, and laughed "shuste a leetle bit."

The stage, this time a lumbering two-seated wagon with two strong horses, is awaiting us; our luggage, having reached here before us, is snugly stowed, all but one box of stores which we left on the steamer at Portland to follow us. Our canoe is firmly lashed to the side of the wagon; we mount to our seats, and rattle off at a comfortable pace, on our ride of three miles to our headquarters at the foot of Grand Lake.

We decide to pitch our camp on "Missionary Hill." Why missionary, I don't know. We select this spot because Tomah says, "Good breeze, few flies." I am inclined to think that if Joe were engaged to cook a fortnight for a party expecting to encamp there, he would now say, "Bad place, sun hot, flies thick, mosquito he bite, midges, ugh!" The fact is, Joe found it too much up-hill, and I think we all did. Jim Coffin's front yard is a better spot.

Camp "Prouty," a name familiar to all lovers of the angle, as that of a gentleman well versed in the fisher's art, built by a gentleman from Calais, Mr. Sawyer, now occupies the summit of the hill, and

with its out-buildings covers what was the best camping-ground; so that the white canvas of the fisher's tents, with floating flags, so pretty a sight to one coming down the lake, will in future be rarely seen.

Here we are at last at our journey's end; and now to getting into camp. We have two tents, one with a fly for sleeping, and the other our mess-tent, also a canvas canopy to protect our stove.

Twelve miles of paddling in smooth water is play for an Indian; but now, Joe, you have got to do a little work.

But Joe knows what to do first; finds his axe, leans on it a few minutes, strokes his chin, scratches his head, looks at each point of the compass, surveys the ground, gives us a bit of advice where to pitch our tents, whistles, and disappears in the woods close at hand.

While the driver, "Son" Ripley, unloads, we survey the ground, unroll the tents, and bring to light our new camp-stove. Soon Joe returns, dragging after him enough poles to establish a good-sized hop-garden, and our work commences.

But Tomah's quick eyes have discovered the stove, and he drops his axe, and goes down on all-fours to interview it; he soon has it apart, and handles every piece, from the lifter to the oven.

When he sees its contents, — pails, pans, legs, funnel, plates, knives, forks, spoons, toaster, coffee-pot, tea-kettle, covers, and all which were packed within it, now lying about covering a world of space, we know he is surprised, excited; but he does not show it, — the same stolid Indian gaze, every bit of it.

"Well, Joe, ever seen the like of that before?"

"Never!"

"What do you think of it?"

"Can't cook with that; don't believe it'll work!" another stroke of the chin. "Guess I better use the old fireplace, and let Mrs. Stevens and you run that."

"Not much, you ignorant Injun: you'll swear by that stove before you get through, old boy."

"Swear at it, I reckon."

But when as the sun went down we were enjoying our first good meal for three long days, — fried salmon, fried potatoes, bacon and eggs, with a splendid cup of tea, and the minor accompaniments, all cooked in a superior manner, by that distrusted stove, — Joe relented.

Instead of a quarter of a cord of fuel, he had used but a few pieces of hemlock-bark, and as many sticks of wood. He surveyed the object of his distrust for a moment, walked about it, gazed

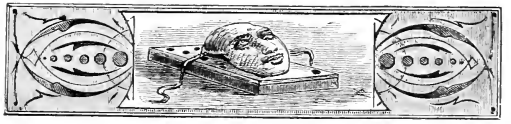
upward at the thin, curling smoke issuing from the funnel, strode to the tent (where we were eating), with a bread-pan in one hand, and the toaster in the other, and thus unbosomed himself: —

"Mr. Stevens, I give it up: that just beats any thing I ever saw; I could cook for ten men with that stove; she's a ripper."

And Joe told the truth.

The afternoon was spent in preparing camp, and by the time that darkness came we were ready for it; our bed in order, with the mosquito-canopy spread. "Good-night, Tomah: we have done a good afternoon's work, and you may sleep in the morning."

And he did sleep: I believe he would sleep till the Day of Judgment if you would let him. How he can ever wake, rolled up in his blanket, head and all, to all appearances a mere bundle of woollen, is more than I ever expect to know: he must *rise* to explain.



CHAPTER XIII.

RUNNING THE RAPIDS.

NO longer sits the wind in the east. For three and twenty days, almost without intermission, had that scourge of our New-England spring (?), the east wind, been blowing upon the Hub.

Like colors nailed to the mast, the vanes of orthodox and heterodox churches alike seemed firmly fixed, and unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians.

We went about through the fog, mist, and rain, poor "demnition moist bodies:" it penetrated our pores, it ached our joints, it froze our marrow, it made us wheeze, it made us sneeze; and only by thinking of its source, and its refreshing coolness on a hot July afternoon, could we refrain from wrathful words.

And now what wonder that we feel the blood rush tingling through our veins, as we stand on the brow of Missionary Hill this glorious June morning, and drink in the invigorating draughts of a freshly rising western breeze?

The lake feels its influence; and at our feet its rippling waves dance with delight, and mingle their low murmur with the rustling leaves.

Up comes the sun, dispelling the mists, driving the shadows far back upon the hills.

We hail the new-born day: we rejoice in the glad sunlight; the clear atmosphere makes us light of heart; we stretch out our arms to embrace dear old mother Nature, and we exult in our freedom.

We shout, and the wooded hills send back their echoes; we sing (the madam), and the warblers of the wood assist in the chorus; we snuff the odor of the hemlock and the pine: and, oh! human nature, something else.

"Bacon."

Bob Southey's "Jacob" would ne'er "turned up his nose in scornful curve at yonder pig," had he breakfasted on "Joseph's" bacon.

With each foot firmly planted on its parent soil, Joe stands a statue; the frying-pan upon the stove before him, the bacon sizzling and gurgling in its fatty bed. An egg in his hand is ready to be brok-

en, and add its country freshness to the sportsman's morning meal. But Joseph moves not; he has caught the savory smell; his nostrils expand under its bewitching influence; his chest upheaves as he draws in each willing breath; his —

"Joe, will you turn that bacon?"

The statue moves, and the egg falls to the ground lost to us forever.

Excuse me, gentle reader, for dwelling upon this subject; but health and happiness depend so much upon a good appetite and proper food, that, should you decide to test the enjoyment of camp-life, do not neglect to provision yourself before starting.

Salt pork and Indian meal are indispensable: bacon is a luxury. Calculate, to a nicety, just what you think your party will need of each: multiply the quantity by two, and then double the amount of bacon.

"You don't like bacon?"

Why, man alive! your education is incomplete: improve it. If you must go down to your grave unhonored and unsung, pray do not go unbaconized.

On a par with bacon, and not to be overlooked or forgotten, are Bermuda onions.

Oh! reader, turn not up in scorn thy sensitive nose; confess to me now, that you do sometimes

eat them at your own table. I am sure I do, but not with beefsteak: either in themselves, but not united.

In camp, slice them raw, cover with vinegar, and add a little pepper and salt; they are better than all the fancy pickles that ever Crosse & Blackwell stamped with their signature: and those, you know are good.

One day, a friend of ours from the city, an old Umbagog fisherman, dropped in upon us, and right glad were we to greet him. He had secured board and lodging at one of the few villagers near our camp.

In the afternoon of the first day, a little girl from the house called upon us, with the request, —

"Would you sell my mother some onions?"

"No, my child, but we will give your mother a few;" and she thanked us with maiden simplicity, and departed.

As the shadows of evening fell, our friend came to us to talk over the result of his first day's sport, to say "Good-by, Umbagog," and to tell us how his lines had fallen in pleasant places, what a capital house he was staying at, how well he fared.

"Yes, boys! the living is just splendid; for supper we had fried salmon, boiled salmon, fried potatoes, baked potatoes, good bread, and — would you

believe it, way down here, in these woods, what do you think? — sliced Bermuda onions."

The mistress of that modest mansion knew a fisherman's tastes. Take all you require, my friend, and a few to give away. Injun, he like 'em, too.

You would not forget your coffee, — Mocha and Java equally mixed, I hope suits your taste; it does mine: but you might not think of condensed milk.

"What! go to the country, and use condensed milk!"

Yes, for your coffee; try it at home or abroad, and you will find that it's much better than milk, and better than city cream; and, besides, you can't often get milk when in camp.

"Now, Joe, be careful that you keep that can covered; for though we might not object, at times, to our lemonade with a stick in it, we don't want black flies wading round in our milk."

"All right: I'll keep him covered up. Go down stream this morning?"

"Yes; but wash the dishes first, and the madam will wipe them, while I smoke my pipe and joint my rod."

"Bring plenty wood-duck-wing fly, — yellow body?"

"Child of the setting sun! degenerate aborigine! attend to your culinary duties, and waste not our precious time with idle curiosity."

I turn to my work. Does the browned son of the forest do likewise?

No: he has discovered my fly-book by my side; a satisfied grunt attracts my attention; I look behind me, and see the work of Sarah McBride's delicate fingers passing under the examination of his critical eye.

"Those good flies, Mr. Stevens, — McBride?"

"Yes, Sarah's."

"Sarah she make good fly; that fly made like one I sent you; salmon take that fly, sure."

"Undoubtedly, Tomah, she made these from your sample; but will you be kind enough to take that dish-cloth and proceed to business?"

"I suppose, Mr. Stevens, a wood-duck-wing, and yellow body, will kill more" —

"I suppose, if you don't get at those dishes, you lazy Injun, I'll kill you, and serve you out to the fishes. You'd make splendid food for suckers."

At last, by threats and entreaties, our household duties are performed, and Joe shoulders his paddle, reaches for the landing-net, and is happy.

The middle gate of the dam is up, and the water is rushing on its down-hill course, feathery white.

"Do you think you can take us through the gate, Joe, or shall we take the birch below?"

"Run that? That's nothing, — white man run that easy, if he knew how."

"Yes, if he knew how; run himself and birch upon the other shore of the Styx if he didn't."

"Sticks! No sticks in the channel."

"Oh, unclassical, untutored Indian! let us see you 'go it alone,' and, if all is well, come back for us."

The words were scarcely out of my mouth, when Joe, standing in his canoe, straight as an arrow, is cutting the water of the lake; a moment more, and the birch is in the boiling vortex below the dam, having passed over the swiftly-running current, and, in less time than it has taken me to write these few lines, Joe has pulled to the shore, and is awaiting our commands.

From the pool below the dam, for a distance of half a mile, the stream is one continuous rapid, its dark and seething waters boiling and foaming as they rush forward on their down-hill course.

Here and there, in its wild track, the waters leap up to embrace a rocky boulder, and scatter their flecks of foam high in air. A wild, turbulent, and tortuous pathway to the comparatively smoother water below.

A few of the older guides often descend these rapids alone, in their birches; but rarely do they take any one with them, as a slight error in judgment, a change of current, or the breaking of a

paddle, would shatter their frail craft, and place the occupants in a decidedly unpleasant, if not dangerous position.

This morning we were lions in nerve : our breakfast had tamed our appetites, but not our spirits, and we were ready for adventure, — thirsting for it.

"Darest thou leap into yonder birch, and tempt the roaring flood?" Thus, or in words of similar import, I addressed madam. And she, with sparkling eye, though looking somewhat askant at the miniature Niagara, replied, —

"Where thou goest, I will go."

Beckoning to Joe, I gave him a sign, — by transforming myself for a moment into an Italian image-peddler, — which he, understanding the imagery, answered by making a head-dress of his canoe, and marching towards us.

"Joe," said I, as he gently deposited his graceful burden at our feet, "do you dare to run us through in the birch?"

A thoughtful look overshadowed his face, and his hand went to his chin ; he turned toward the stream, casting his eyes in the direction of the rapids, whose roar he could hear, but whose rushing current he could not see ; then, turning to us, he replied, —

"Yes ; I think it's safe, — but you mustn't be afraid of a wetting."

"Not a bit. But did you ever know a lady to go over this rapid?"

"No; but there's no danger if you only sit quiet."

"Very well: there's got to be a first one, and we'll try it. Are you agreed, madam?"

"Yes, if you say so."

Seating ourselves in the canoe, Joe spreads the rubber clothing over us, and we are ready. It is an anxious moment; and I begin to wish that a little of our adventurous spirit had been quenched with our breakfast, — but we had gone too far to retreat. I knew Joe's heart was in his work; and, proud of his skill and our pluck, it would have been a feather from his plume and ours had we "paused upon the brink."

And, besides, a few observant fishermen noticing our movements caught the inspiration of the moment, and, divining our intentions, took positions where they could be observers of our exciting trip.

I doubt if any adventurer that left his native shore in search of the country whose possessors were Tomah's ancestors e'er felt a greater pride when his foot first touched its soil than did Joe when, all being in readiness, he surveyed his precious freight, and "pushed his shallop from the shore."

No retreat now: a few sharp strokes of the paddle, and a graceful turn brings us face to face with the boiling, rushing flood, — a pent-up lake, which, caught and confined by the hand of man, is seeking its outlet between two wooden walls not twenty feet apart.

On we are driven; and now Joe guides our boat of bark into the narrow opening. For an instant the water beneath us is like burnished glass, and but for an instant, for now we take a flying leap into the caldron of yeasty foam. Our frail craft shivers for a moment, as if stunned by the shock, then rises buoyantly, uplifted by the swelling, rushing, maddened waters, shoots out of the foam and mist, and floats once more, with airy lightness, on the pool below.

"Well done, Joseph!" went up from the shore; and, as soon as we are able to breathe freely, we mingle our plaudits with those about us.

"That's the easy part, Mr. Stevens: the work has got to come. Shall we go ahead?"

"By all means!" said I; for we were now in for it, and nothing could stop us.

"Then, don't either of you move an inch unless the birch goes out from under you; don't look ashore, look straight ahead, and don't speak to me till we get into smooth water."

"All right! that's business, fire away!" And I knew he meant business; for he had taken off his hat and coat, and stood bareheaded and erect, with his eyes sparkling with unwonted fire.

Well, we started; a few strokes of the paddle brought us to the edge of the first fall, and again we plunge into the roaring waters; away we flew, Joe steering for the wildest water, knowing it to be the safest: now we pass close by a heavy boulder just rising to the top of the stream; and now we take a bucket of water over the bow, and feel it trickling down our cheeks, but we move not; another bucketful. "Look out, old boy! don't swamp us" (this in thought, for not a word was spoken).

On, on we dash; thump, thump, resistless as death, the waves strike the bottom of the birch; now the wild water seems to be rolling towards us, and now dashing on ahead with the speed of a race-horse; the air about us is flecked with foam, and we seem vying to outrun the flying waters themselves. We pass beneath the bridge, and the lookers-on cheer us as we dart into sight again: we are in rough water, we are in rougher water, we are in white water, and we are in foam. And now we round a bend in the stream, and in an instant strike out upon the smoother water below.

"Well, Mr. Stevens, we're here."

I turned about slightly in my seat: Mrs. S——, who had hardly dared to wink, was now shaking the "dew-drops from her mane," and Joe actively engaged in mopping his brow with his shirt-sleeve.

"Yes, we *are* here, Joe; and my impression is, we haven't been a very long time getting here. Don't you think it was a little hubbly in some places?"

"Well, a trifle so; but your wife has got something to talk about when she gets home."

"Yes, Joe; but you will have to come to Boston and tell the story: I fear our friends would hardly believe us when we tell of it."

"Never mind: we know all about it, and they can't take away the grandness of that trip by doubting us."

"That's so."

"And now, Joe, for a salmon."

Drawing in to the shore, to give Tomah a little rest, I let my line float out upon the stream to straighten the leader and be prepared for action. I pass my rod to the madam, while I fill my pipe, and take a survey of the stream. The outlook is a good one: the water is at a proper height, but one canoe is in sight, a gentle breeze is blowing, and the sky is slightly overcast.

Suddenly the madam starts, quickly passes me the rod, with the remark that "something's on the line."

Sure enough; the whiz of the reel, that ever-musical sound, tells the story: he has hooked himself, firmly let us hope, but most likely otherwise.

I am ready for him, and it is a fair fight now. Oh! there's a leap for you, fully four feet clear from the water, another and another; the reel whizzes, and the line lengthens. And now, my boy, walk this way, please: no? well, have your own way, then, for a while.

And he had it till at last tired, quite tired out with his rushing and leaping, he submits to his fate, allows himself to be reeled to the canoe's side, the net is deftly slipped beneath him, and he is safely landed.

Not so; for when, taking him from the net, I told Joe to hold him up for the madam's inspection, which he did, when the reviving fish made one more successful leap over the side of the birch into his native element.

He was a handsome fish, fully two pounds in weight, and Joe felt a bit ashamed at his loss; but we didn't care, for we were assured of plenty of sport, and we had it.

After a few moments' casting I struck a pair, and

at the end of a hard-fought battle had the satisfaction of saving them both, two beautiful fish fresh run from the lake.

And now let me pause here, and tell you why I prefer this fishing to that of the salmon-trout; and while I would not detract from the latter sport, and can appreciate the shake of the head from those who have enjoyed year after year only trout-fishing, I am free to say, having had many years' experience in both, the land-locked salmon is my preference now and forever.

Catching a little inspiration from the immortal bard, and parodying one of his lines, I state it thus: —

> The leap, the leap's the thing
> Wherein I call the land-locked salmon, king.

I once took a fish above the dam in smooth water, weighing about two pounds, that made nine successive leaps varying from three to six feet clear from the water, and all within five minutes' time.

This was witnessed by my wife, who was in the canoe with me, and who counted the leaps, and by others who were fishing near us.

No salmon-trout ever did that, nor ever will. It is seldom that the trout goes out of water after coming out to take the fly (Mr. Murray to the contrary notwithstanding): his tendency is toward the

bottom, and he rarely goes out of the water till netted, while the salmon rushes with such velocity, nose upward, that he is in the air before he knows it.

In taking the fly, I award the palm to the trout, as he usually throws himself out of water to do so. The salmon does not, he scarcely more than shows himself; but after being hooked the sport commences, and it is all activity to the death, rarely any sulking.

As regards beauty, while the palm must be awarded to the trout, yet the salmon is a very handsome fish. I think his form is better moulded than that of the trout, and he has a much finer head, which is beautifully spotted. The young fish has bright red spots upon the body, which disappear as he matures; the only spots then being small crosses of black, which form a pleasing contrast with the silvery lustre of the skin. When first taken from the water, they are a most beautiful specimen of the finny tribe.

And now, having painted this lord of the stream from my mind's palette, perhaps you may ask, "How does he affect another palate?"

And I answer you: Decidedly he is equal, if not superior, to my taste, to the trout; such is my decision after a fair test, and it is also that of many

of my friends who were quite surprised that they should arrive at such conclusions.

Last year while "on the stream," a friend of many years, an ardent fisherman, who had for nearly twenty seasons made the Rangeley Lakes his camping-ground, dropped down upon us quite unexpectedly. He had heard a good deal of land-locked salmon and their gamesome qualities. Before he had been three days among us, he was the most enthusiastic individual I ever saw; early and late he was "up and at 'em."

Poor Gabrielle, his guide, had no rest for the sole of his foot, or the muscles of his arm; and it was not much wonder that the cry of, "Good by, Umbagog," became a byword in camp.

And so with my good friend, and fellow-fisherman, Walter B. McAtee of Baltimore, whose acquaintance I made at the stream, and who I know will pardon me for putting him in print.

It was one of those happy accidents, as they are called, which led him into the regions of the salmon, and away from his accustomed haunts, the Adirondacks.

And now, should you ask him which fishing he prefers, he would say, —

"I tell you it's no use talking: it just lays over any fishing I know of, and I don't want any better."

Next June we hope to renew some of the pleasant scenes through which we have passed, one or two of which I may allude to in these pages.

It just occurs to me, that I have digressed to an alarming extent, and left the madam to entertain Joseph, while I have been cramming you, my gentle reader, with my individual opinion and that of a few friends, on a subject whereon even doctors disagree, and you yourself may believe, excuse me, in your ignorance, *t(r)out au contraire.*

So, if you please, we will attend to our fishing.

"How many have we now, Joseph?"

"Nine, and all good fish."

"Did you count the one you dropped overboard?"

"No."

"Well, that makes ten, and that's enough for our forenoon sport. I reckon we will reel up, and go home."

Being obliged to kill the fish that are taken upon the stream, we never take more than can be used to advantage.

A true sportsman intends that every fish caught shall be eaten by some one. And many of our friends hundreds of miles away have tasted the fruits of our enjoyment.

I once kept two fish, weighing four pounds each,

two days upon the ice; took them to Boston, and, when served, they were pronounced equal to the true salmon.

A walk of about half an hour, the same distance by water on our downward trip, occupying, say, five minutes, brought us to our tents on the hill, and we made preparations for dinner.

It is very amusing to see Joe get ready: first, he goes down the hill for an armful of wood; when he gets that, he finds that he needed a little bark for kindling; back he goes after that; then he discovers that a bucket of water is wanting, and down he goes after that; making three trips when one would have answered as well.

Finally, after all the little drawbacks attendant to cooking an out-of-door dinner are overcome, we are enabled to say, "Thank heaven, the table is set!" and with keen appetites, such as are only attainable in the woods, we sit down to partake; and rise only when both fish and flesh, like the grasshopper, "becometh a burden."

Cast not your line when the sun casts no shadow.

A maxim which it were wise for a fisherman to follow. May I say, no less to be remembered because not in quotation-marks?

In the "foolishness of (so much) preaching,"

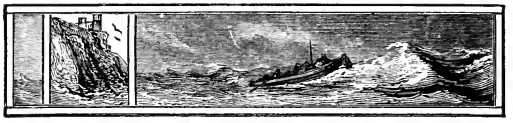
there should certainly be a few words of wisdom; therefore do not, my ardent angler, fancy for a moment that all your daylight hours should be spent in eating and fishing, but accept the preacher's advice: when the sun is at its meridian, and for one hour before and at least two after, wet not your line.

After dinner, take your pipe, select some shady spot, and as you sit having nothing

"To fret your soul with crosses or with cares,"—

indulge in a retrospect of your anti-meridian successes. Question your guide as to whether any one could have saved the fish you lost, the "noblest Roman" of them all (?). Anticipate your afternoon sport, select a few flies in which you have confidence, knock the ashes from your dudheen, then seek your tent, lie down upon your bed of boughs, draw your mosquito-net around you, and woo the drowsy god.

Such is my custom, and it is best honored in its observance; so if you please, my friend, imagine me lying quietly upon my couch of green, while you turn over.



CHAPTER XIV.

A STIFF BREEZE.

DAYS in camp are all alike, in this respect at least, that all are enjoyable; and though that gives the most zest which recounts at night a famous catch, or some desperate fight for victory under adverse circumstances, yet all are happy; and, as twilight gathers, we sit where the eye can rest upon lake and mountain, rehearse our triumphs, or perchance our failures, and form plans for the morrow.

One afternoon Joe and I decided to leave our birch at Little Falls, about a mile or so down stream, and go down on foot the next morning, to get the first fishing at that favorite spot.

Following out our plan, we were on hand in good season; but no canoe was to be found. Its ab-

sence caused Joe to stroke his chin, and remain for a moment lost in thought.

"What does it mean, Tomah?"

"Ugh! look there," pointing to the spot where we left the canoe.

"Well, I see nothing there but a pile of chips."

"Don't you see? Somebody make paddle; and see here, moccasin-track: that's Gabrielle (Joe's brother); only he round here now wear moccasin."

"Well, what do you think?"

"Gabrielle, his birch up 'bove dam; I think he and Mr. Clark, they take walk down stream; fish Big Falls, then walk down here to fish from bank; see our canoe, make paddle, catch our fish."

And, sure enough, the to-be legislator was right; for just at that moment the birch appeared round a bend in the stream, glided up to the shore, and the "two thieves," our friend from Umbagog and Gabrielle, stepped out upon the bank with half a dozen salmon which I had arranged for.

Candor compels me to say that we hardly enjoyed the joke as much as they: our feelings were more of

> "That stern joy which warriors feel
> In foemen worthy of their *steel*."

After some little pleasant sparring between Mr.

Clark and myself, and one or two good spanks upon Gabrielle's back inflicted by Joe with the improvised paddle, the latter shouldered his birch, and we carried around the falls to unvisited fishing-grounds below. We had, however, not much luck, and, after whipping the stream nearly down to the outlet, getting a little faint we drew in to the shore to partake of our lunch. While we were enjoying our crackers, cheese, and olives, and discussing what should be our next move, Joe reached out from the canoe, and took from some *débris* that was floating upon the stream what appeared to me to be a large but deserted cocoon. Replying in the negative to his question, Did I know what it was? he passed it over to me for inspection, when I saw that possibly there might still be an embryo life within it.

"That," said Joe, "is a dragon-fly, what we call a 'Devil's darning-needle,'" all the while examining it critically: "I will put it here on the basket-cover, and in twenty minutes by your watch you will see him crawl out and fly away."

I felt a little inclined to say "Shoo fly!" but knowing well Joe's experience in woodcraft and natural history, gained from an intimate acquaintance with nature, I refrained from doubting; and it was well I did, for in just eighteen minutes (Joe

insisted upon my consulting my watch), within two of the appointed time, one of those huge insects emerged from the shell, and stood before us in all the beauty of his variegated colors.

He looked about him for moment, gave his nose a rub first with one foot, then with another, stroked his wings with a couple more as if to satisfy himself that he *was* himself, and, before I was well over my amazement, spread his wings, and sailed off into the air as if he had been up to that sort of thing for a very much longer life than he could claim.

No babyhood there, except what was passed in his darkened cell, no creeping before he could walk, no fluttering of the wings, but with the strength of full growth to which he seemed at once to have arrived he was ready to take his part in the battle of life.

"Joseph, you have proved yourself a true prophet for once, now see if you can find some salmon."

But Joe's eyes are now scanning the heavens, over which a few white clouds were rapidly passing, and he looks a little anxious.

"We're going to have a thunder-shower, and a heavy blow, Mr. Stevens; and I'm afraid Mrs. S—— will have a hard time with those tents on the hill."

"Nonsense, Joe: I don't see any signs of a storm."

"Well, I do; and my advice is, go home. I tell you, I'm anxious about your wife."

"But we must not go home without a few more fish, Tomah."

"Very well, just as you say; but you'll wish you had taken my advice."

In half an hour the storm burst upon us, with all its fury. The tall trees upon either bank bent before the blast; the red lightning leaped along the sky, and peal upon peal of thunder rent the darkened air. The rain fell in torrents, and our rubber clothing afforded us but poor protection. Pushing our birch to the shore, we lay under the branches of an overhanging tree, which protected us somewhat from the raging elements; Joe all the while insisting that there would be trouble in camp. I confess, I somewhat shared his fears, but would not admit it to him. At last, during a lull in the storm, Joe says, —

"Mr. Stevens, we are going home."

We were then about two miles from camp, and most of the way we were obliged to go on foot. We started at once, Joe with the birch on his head, and I following on behind, pretty well loaded down with my fishing-implements. Before we had gone half a mile, the rain had ceased, and the sun was bursting through the clouds; still the wind blew

heavily, and Joe said another shower was coming. In this, however, he was mistaken.

After half an hour's tedious walking, I got a view of the hill; but alas! the white tents that were wont to greet our coming were not to be seen, not a yard of canvas was visible.

Joe's head was enveloped in birch-bark, and I felt a bit ashamed to tell him the state of affairs; but, feeling the need of haste, I suggested that he take a look.

"Just as I expected: now I leave canoe here, and we get there pretty quick."

We were soon standing amid the wreck: every thing was flat, gone by the board.

Like the blossoming fruit, when summer is green,
Our tents on the hill-tops at sunrise were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest, when autumn had blown,
That camp in the noontime dismantled was strown.

And there lay the stove, with its door opened wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of its pride.
And the smoke of its embers fell faint on the hill,
And the pipe but once puffed, and forever was still.

And there stood the hostess, not caring a groat,
With a pie in her hand, and the rain on her coat,
As she said, with glad gesture, "The storm have I braved,
The bedding's all dry, and the larder is saved."

The parody has very well described the situation. Though the appearance of the camp was rather a disheartening one, there was scarcely any damage done. Mrs. S—— had shown herself fully equal to the emergency; alone and unaided had brought order out of chaos, had sheltered every thing perishable from the rain, and we found her as calm and collected as though nought but sunshine had crossed her path during our absence.

The disaster entailed but one loss: our thermometer was fastened to one of the tent-poles, and both went down together; the latter to rise again like a famous insurance emblem, the former to do so no more, though Arabia's sun should shine upon it.

Joe, having determined in his mind that the tents would go down, was now as fully determined that they should as quickly go up. It was not long, therefore, before we had the satisfaction of seeing our camp restored, *par excellence*, hitherto unequalled.

We had brought with us some Chinese lanterns and fire-balloons, with which to astonish the natives; and we decided to celebrate our rebuilded city by a grand ascension in the evening.

It was highly successful, doubly so in itself and its effect upon Joseph. It is rarely that the stoical

nature of an Indian can be aroused sufficiently to manifest any outward show of surprise or admiration.

Joe had feasted his eyes upon the gayly colored lanterns that hung upon ropes encircling our camp, had watched my preparations for the aërial flight with mute wonder and astonishment; but when the ball of cotton, which he had seen saturated with alcohol, was set on fire, and the upheld balloon, swelling out to its full capacity, was let loose to seek its pathway among the stars, for once Joe forgot his stoicism, and became almost frantic with delight, dancing about, and cutting the wildest capers, fairly rivalling the clown in a pantomime.

We found it necessary to send up three more before bringing Joe down to his normal state; and by the time they had followed each other, in the trackless space, we were quite ready to seek repose, and dream, perchance, of those unknown worlds, that were showering down upon us their sparkling glories.

CHAPTER XV.

PARMACHENEE LAKE.

THE Magalloway River is one of the tributaries of the Androscoggin, with which it unites a few miles below its outlet from Umbagog Lake.

Although a considerable river of something like one hundred miles in length, and to be found on all modern maps of Maine, it is evidently not a school river, as I ascertained one day when I asked four Boston schoolgirls what they knew about it.

It rises in Canada, and flows through mountain gorges, and beautiful meadows, now rushing with mighty swiftness, through rocky passes, and as silently flowing among the dark shadows of mighty forests.

It is a very crooked river. One of our guides

told us that it was the last one made, and it had to be coiled in wherever they could find a chance to put it. I should think so. A corkscrew placed by the side of it on the map looks straight.

Thirty-three miles from its mouth as you follow its winding stream, and about eighteen as the crow flies, due north, is Parmachenee Lake, a charming sheet of water, encircled by hills of greater or lesser height, some attaining to the dignity of mountains, and all beautiful.

I had often heard of this remote spot, as being well worth a visit for the beauty of its scenery as well as its attractions to the sportsman; for there the trout, the deer, and the lordly moose abound, or rather are to be found if one is fortunate enough to find them.

I had also learned that it was difficult of access on account of wearisome "carries" across which we would be obliged to walk.

But as this would be to our advantage, so far as our sporting prospects were concerned, I determined to make it a visit, and in the early summer of 1878 made up a small party for a two-weeks' trip to that locality.

While we were satisfied that trout are plenty in the lake and surounding streams, our first experience was not a success, owing to the lateness of the

season, very bad weather, and "high water." Still the attractions of the trip are so many and varied, that I think, notwithstanding our bad luck, there is not one of the party but hopes and fondly expects sooner or later to revisit this charming lake.

After much questioning of the few acquaintances that had preceded us, we determined upon the following route, which proved in every respect a most delightful journey.

Leaving Boston in the Portland boat, we arrive at the latter city in ample season for a good breakfast, before starting again by rail.

We take the train on the Grand Trunk Railroad for North Stratford, arriving there about four o'clock in the afternoon.

Here we chartered a team, and were driven thirteen miles to Colebrook, N.H., over a beautiful road which follows the banks of the Connecticut River nearly the whole distance. At Colebrook we spent the night at the Parsons House, a well-kept hotel whose landlord did every thing to make our short stay a pleasant one.

We were here met by a small party of Vermont friends, who were to accompany us on our excursion, and a very agreeable acquisition we found them. At eight in the morning our conveyance was driven to the door; and an inviting sight it was

to look upon, — the vehicle known as a Mountain Ranger, very comfortable and roomy, with four fine-looking horses, who appeared as much pleased at their starting out as ourselves.

Our destination was Errol Dam, on the Androscoggin River, twenty-one miles from Colebrook, through the famous Dixville Notch.

The day was not all we could have wished; but our party of seven was a happy one, and the ladies were in the best of spirits.

Our route lay up the Mohawk River, which, flowing from the north, empties into the Connecticut at Colebrook. Many were the pools that we saw as we drove along by the river-side, and strongly were we tempted to stop and wet our lines, for we knew that the trout were there. We had been informed that it was a stream well worth the fishing.

Soon we began to ascend toward the Notch, and the forest closed in about us. This, for two miles, an unbroken wilderness of leaves when suddenly we came out from the dark shadows, and found ourselves at the Gate of the Notch. It is one of the most sublime pieces of scenery this side the Rocky Mountains. Entirely different in its characteristics from the Notch of the White Mountains, it has peculiar grandeurs of its own, which must be seen to be realized, as they cannot be described, —

certainly not by so feeble a pen as mine. Vast pinnacles of rock, some over five hundred feet in height, tower like cathedral spires upon either side of us, as we pass through the narrow defile.

One striking feature is the decaying and crumbling appearance of the huge cliffs, — a sort of worn-out look, — the few bushes upon their sides brown and scraggy. At one point in the Notch we look down from our wagon-seats into a vast ravine, where the sunlight scarcely penetrates, and where snow lies unmelted throughout the summer. A prominent feature is Profile Rock, — the profile equalling in outline and size that of Franconia Notch. Altogether, it is a wonderful piece of scenery; and I have no hesitation in saying that the drive from Colebrook to Errol Dam, through this mountain-pathway, is one of the finest in America. After passing the Notch, our course lies beside the banks of the Clear Stream River, eleven miles to Errol Dam.

We reached the Dam at noon, and found Bragg's Hotel a very inviting place, — so much so, that, deciding to tarry, we spent the afternoon in fishing at the Dam, and the night with our agreeable host, who showed us every kindness.

The proper route from this place to Parmachenee is by steamer through the Androscoggin and Magal-

loway Rivers, to a point distant about ten miles, — Brown's Landing. But in the absence of the steamer, which is a very notional craft, — coming and going at its own sweet will, — we were obliged to again take the "Mountain Ranger," and drive a distance of seventeen miles over a mountainous road, — partly in Maine, and partly in New Hampshire, — to the extreme end of civilization, where carries and boating commence.

Changing from our "Mountain Ranger" to a buck-board, we encounter our first carry of two miles, — and a dismal, rough, and dreary ride it is. We pass the night at Fred Flint's camp, near the Aziscohos Falls, on the Magalloway. For good cooking, a neat table, and a comfortable bed, commend us to this oasis in the wilderness. Surely Fred is blessed with a wife worth the having.

For our thirty-three miles of boating, we are ready at an early hour the following morning; and at six o'clock our three boats push off from the landing, each propelled by a willing pair of oars.

From our start at the falls, the entire distance to the lake lies through a virgin wilderness, not a clearing, not a sign of a human habitation, save a solitary hunter's camp, where we landed and lunched in primitive style. The trip, were it not for its novelty, would be somewhat tiresome; but

the scenery was constantly changing, and we were not there to be tired, and the hours passed pleasantly. It took just eleven of them to accomplish the distance, it being up-hill work all the way. To note the difference between up and down hill, in river-boating, we were but six hours in making the return passage. We reached the landing, five miles from the lake, — the river, on account of rapids, being impassable the remainder of the distance, — at five o'clock, and a comfortable walk of a mile brought us to Spof. Flint's camp, on the shore of Sunday Pond, where we spent the night.

In the morning we took our departure through the woods, on foot, for the lake, distant four miles. We were two hours in crossing this carry, — not rapid locomotion, but fast enough to be agreeable. Considering the non-macadamized road over which we passed, the ladies stood the jaunt remarkably well. Our baggage followed us on a horse-sled.

To say that we lifted up our voices with joy and gladness when the waters of the charming lake greeted our sight, would certainly be within the range of truth, — and close range at that.

Very grateful was the change from our weary tramp to the delightful sail across the lake, in a commodious boat to Camp Caribou, beautifully situated upon a small island near the farther shore.

With John Danforth, designer and builder, an adept woodsman, hunter, and guide, a bunch of muscle, and a brain worth the ownership, we spent at his hostelry, Camp Caribou, nearly a week; an enjoyable one, although the elements were against us, it being a week of almost continuous rain, and though in the latter part of June colder than average May weather.

Our fishing was all done from boats within a radius of four or five miles from camp.

There are large trout in the lake, and one of three and a half pounds, a beautiful fish, was taken by one of our party; while during our stay Mr. Burroughs of the Boston Museum Company, who with his friend Mr. Carlos was encamped on the shore of the lake, took one with the fly weighing four and three-quarter pounds.

As I before stated, our luck was poor. We took, comparatively, but few fish, and not many of even a pound weight. At Little Boy's Falls, where the best fishing is usually had, we did nothing, owing to "high water." At Little Boy's Pond, near the falls, upon which we put our boats, we had fair fishing in point of numbers, though the trout were small.

The camp conveniences, table, boats, and guides are excellent, and John Danforth is the head and front of it all. Too much cannot be said in his praise, as all who know him will attest.

Our journey home, varying our route by returning *via* Fabyan's, the White-mountain Notch, and North Conway, with the ascent of Mount Kearsarge, was one of great enjoyment, and the entire trip one abounding in beauty and romance.

Our party still believe there is good trout-fishing at Parmachenee Lake, and, taken all in all, feel that we are justified in recommending it to others. The expense of the excursion is more than that to Rangeley, Moosehead, or Grand Lake, but, for those who seek for more seclusion than these afford, is much to be preferred.

Should any of my readers wish to take the trip, I should be pleased personally to give them any information in regard to guides, expense, etc., not here set down, as this does not include "the whole business."

CHAPTER XVI.

PICKEREL-FISHING IN WINTER.

PLAINLY, it happened in this way: Tom had often driven by the pond in summer; and, occasionally stopping to gather a handful of the beautiful lilies that float upon its surface, he one day met a hardy tiller of the soil, with whom he chatted as he tossed the fragrant flowers towards the sparkling eyes in the carriage.

"Pickerel, sir! you can say pickerel. Why, there's no eend to 'em, sir, if you takes 'em a cloudy day when the moon is right."

"Do they ever fish for them in the winter, my friend?"

"Well, not much. You see, the boys round here, they likes smelting better; and the city chaps, as a gineral thing they don't much like fishing through

the ice; it's apt to give 'em the rheumatics and sich; but once in a while a party, they does come down. (Beg yer pardon, ma'am! Oh! he won't bite: he only barks.) And, when they do, they usually makes a haul. There was two chaps come down last winter when she first froze up, and sot twenty lines, and carried off nigh two hundred as pretty creeturs as ever you saw; but they ain't many of 'em as likes the fun."

"Well, sir, I rather enjoy such sport in the winter, and I may get up a party, and come down and try them; and, by the way, if you will keep this rather quiet — you live near here, I judge?"

"Oh, yes! close yonder, right by the pond."

"Well, take this, and buy something for the babies."

"I'm 'fraid you're too generous; but mum's the word. I sha'n't know know nothing about the fishing arter this."

Now, Thomas is not an unbelieving Thomas, as was he of old, nor does he forget any thing in a hurry; and that night, though one of the warmest of last summer's many warm ones, he woke his wife calling for more blankets, dreaming, enthusiastic soul, that already he stood, with a happy party, around the dark, bubbling holes, anxiously waiting for the tiny flag to give timely notice of the first bite.

And so it came about, that a fortnight or so ago he poured this weight of sport which had long burdened his mind into the ears of a few delighted listeners, who in early spring, with rod and reel, are wont to tempt the wary trout from lake and stream, — rugged fellows they, willing to breast the icy breezes and the drifted snow for a good day's sport and the prospect of a generous spoil.

First, there was Charley W., who delights to see his fellow-men well clothed, and who, when summer breezes blow, dons the seaman's garb, and from the deck of his swift-going yacht drinks in the grandeur of old ocean's waves, as the beautiful craft settles down to her work, and parts the water like a thing of life.

And Johnny L——. Every one knows Johnny; a perfect Apollo, both in form and voice; good at a story, better at a song; and, if report be true (and sure it must when from such a source it comes), to his already shining stars he has lately astonished the world, and a neighboring city, by appearing as a "Burlesque Comet."

Then a "Mammoth Cod," a half-amphibious fellow, who likes the water most every way except as a steady beverage, — another Charley, fond of fun and fishing, he must needs be stirred up at the glowing tale, and consents most willingly to join the merry crew.

In the language of the novelist, "the auspicious day at last arrived," which was to furnish sport in abundance; and in the best of spirits, our lunch-baskets well filled, our fishing-gear, supplied by "Prouty," consisting of — item: one axe, one long-handled skimmer, one ditto cold-chisel, twenty-four patent lines, with red-flannel-flag attachments, — all snugly stowed in the baggage-car; our little party augmented by Professor Gerry, who was to have charge of the whole (hole) proceedings, — we rattled out of the Old Colony Depot, bound for Lily Pond, Cohasset.

One little incident occurred before starting which might, to a less-determined company, have proved a drawback. Tom, with proper foresight, had the day before purchased a bucket of live bait, cunning little minnows, who seemed as happy in their nest of eel-grass, tucked up nicely together, as though swimming in their native element. Now, Mrs. J——, Tom's better half, discovered this same bucket, and the absence of any water in which the little chaps might swim; and, in the kindness of her heart, poured in a supply, which, under some cir cumstances, would have proved quite beneficial to their general health; but in this case it only dampened their spirits, and our live bait became dead bait. Poor Tom! he said he couldn't scold, it showed such a good disposition.

But we took along our dead "enticements," and left word with a friend to have another bucketful, with more life, follow us in the next train.

In due time we arrived at Cohasset, where we were met by a friend of Tom's, Mr. Hall of Marshfield, whose large experience in winter fishing, displayed in determining the latitude and longitude of the holes, the length of the lines, and such matters, added, undoubtedly, to the success of our day's fishing. A ride of about two miles brought us to the pond: in regard to which ride, too much praise cannot be awarded to our friend Hall, whose winning ways so overcame the stable-keeper, that he reduced the price of the job from five dollars to two-fifty, and no extra charge for bringing up the bucket of bait.

As we drove upon the snow-covered ice, a thrill of pleasure so filled each breast that it welled up in one prolonged shout of rejoicing, so loud and long that it actually started our horse into a trot, the first since leaving the depot. As we disembarked from our rude vehicle, known as a pung, a gray-haired individual rushed across the ice, and was soon engaged in earnest converse with Tom and friend Hall, as to our objective point for hole-building. This proved to be the old gent of last summer, who lived "yonder, close by the pond."

And now, behold the professor with his axe, Hall with the skimmer, Tom and Johnny exploring the little island for the spot and material for a fire, the two Charleys arranging the lines, and selecting the most lifelike of the dead minnows for bait; while the kind old gent wandered calmly about, telling such fish-stories as would cause the most stoical to glow with anticipation.

The holes are cut, the lines are set, the little flags all ready to rise at the slightest indication of a nibble, and — ah! there goes a flag, the first thing! Run, Johnny! go it, Tom! False alarm, was it? Must have been the wind. A long wait; patience: they don't bite till the noise is stilled, so the old gent tells us.

A longer wait; a kicking of shins, and rubbing of noses to keep warm; nary bite.

Oh, if that live bait would only come! It don't; and ancient gent takes a quiet nipper of old Med., and a dollar from the general fund, and retires to his cottage "over yonder."

Meantime our fire burns brightly, and we gather round it, watching anxiously our little flags; but somehow they don't go up.

A boy, an educated youth, joins our party, who will persist, in spite of Tom's logic, that the salt water does not flow into the pond. Innocent child,

unused to guile! Ah, there comes the live bait! Now we shall have them! Quick, Johnny, be lively! Too much time lost already! There! Thunder! They don't seem to notice the difference. Not a flag rises. Well, we are all getting hungry, and lunch is proposed, to which no one objects; when, just as the baskets are opened, and all are gathered about them, up goes a flag, and five pair of legs run quickly to the spot, and our first prize is landed on the ice.

Isn't he a beauty? Hall soon extemporizes a pond in which we deposit our darling; and we resume our feast, attended by the "knowledgeous" boy, whose early education in the matter of eating had evidently not been neglected. An ice-cutter, engaged on a distant part of the pond, a ragged, unkempt genius, also favored us with his company, and chopped down a few trees for our fire, in regular backwoodsman style. We were not obliged to board him however, as he procured his dinner from one of the trees he cut down, which consisted of a quantity of overgrown black ants (fact), which he seemed to relish hugely. We had heard of such a diet among the Digger Indians, but hardly expected to see it in Norfolk County. Being desirous of knowing where this uncouth specimen was born and reared, I interviewed him to that effect.

"Well," said he, "I was raised in Scarborough, Me." He had been, like the "Boots" at Holly Tree Inn, "a'most everywhere," — had fought with the boys in blue, and later against the Indians on the plains; had raised wheat in Minnesota, and felled trees in Michigan.

As I was well acquainted in Scarborough, a little town near Portland, Me., numbering some thousand souls, three-quarters of whom bear the name of Libby, to test his truthfulness I asked him if he was acquainted with any person of that name in the town. His answer was more expressive than elegant: —

"Libby! G—d! Every man in town's name's Libby, but one, and his name's Libby Johnson."

While partaking of his hearty meal, our joyous youth became communicative, and informed us that the kind old gent who had so raised our expectations had passed the last few years in State's Prison. At hearing which, Tom didn't look at the flags for seventeen minutes. During the hour and a half passed in eating and d—rying our feet, one more poor pickerel was insnared, evidently the last of his race, for not another came to taste our tempting bait; and soon the lengthening shadows warned us that it was time to discontinue our sport (?).

So, with great reluctance (?) we prepare to leave the fruitful scene of our day's enjoyment. A half-dollar more from the general fund for the boy who wound up the lines, and with our two pickerel in a bucket of water, for Tom's aquarium, we start for home. Not much was said as to the grand result. There was rather a strong feeling manifested by the two Charleys, that we should have done better if we had tried Billerica Pond. But then, there were only five of us besides the professor and the boy, and but twenty-four lines; so two pickerel weren't so bad after all.

It occurred to me the other day, that I would like to know what the cost of "them air" two fish might be; and I give you the result of my figures: —

One axe	$2 50
One long-handled skimmer	1 00
One long-handled cold chisel	0 75
One bucket dead bait	1 00
One bucket live bait	1 00
Express on ditto	0 50
24 patent lines, with flags @ 25c.	6 00
10 car-fares, @ 50c.	5 00
Sleigh from depot to pond	2 50
Perquisite to kind old gent	1 00
Perquisite to good young man	0 50
Lunch for six	4 00
3 bottles Leather Preservative @ $1.50	4 50
Total	$30 25

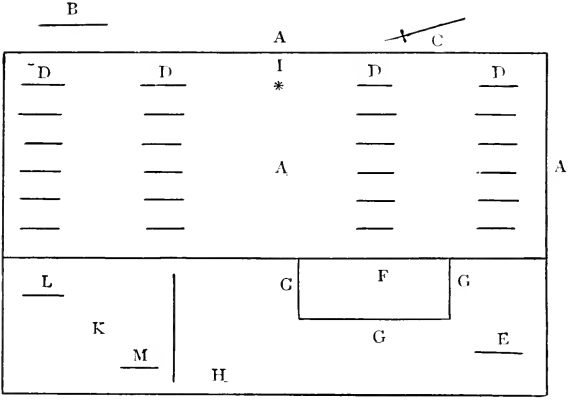
Which, divided by the aforesaid two pickerel, giveth the cost of each at $\$15.12\frac{1}{2}$. Very aristocratic pickerel. Don't you think so?

Of course the above does not include our cigars, and a little something to keep the cold out while we built the fire; that's understood.

Not wishing to have this spot all to ourselves, I have given you the name of the pond, and beg to annex the following diagram of it and its surroundings, that should my readers wish to try their luck, they may know where to go, and how it looks when they get there.

[The book-maker says my little sketch has got to be placed at the top of the next page, and he sends to me in great haste to fill up this gap. Now, if I had had more experience in book-making, I should have several "chunks" written up to supply such wants; but as I have not, I will use the space by showing my readers the uncertainty of fishing, and the aptness of the phrase, "fisherman's luck:"—

A few days after our excursion, a party of gentlemen from Cohasset, who were in the habit of fishing the pond in the summer, visited it for the same purpose, and, with about the same number of lines which we had, "toiled all day," and caught nothing. This is a lie, but it fills up the space just the same.]



A A. — Lily Pond, Cohasset, beneath whose liquid depths, etc., etc.
B. — The cot where lived the gray haired sire (liar).
C. — The road to the pond, o'er which young John, with flying feet, pursued the sleigh.
D D D D. — Holes (24 in number), by our artist, "Gerry."
E. — The log that furnished the ice-cutter's repast.
F. — This is the fire that Tom built.
G G G. — This is the island surrounding the fire that Tom built.
H. — Rock behind which Charley hid the Leather Preservative.
* I. — Crack in the ice caused by Johnny's sitting down suddenly.
K. — Pond constructed by Hall for keeping our fish.
L. M. — Our fish.

I have endeavored to make this so clear, that the most educated scholar can understand it; but I hope this picture of a winter day's fishing is not drawn in such bright colors that the pond will be overrun with fishermen, and our future sport spoiled.

A RETROSPECT.

WHERE the Androscoggin rises,
'Mid the waving pines of Maine,
Rushes o'er its pebbly bottom,
Swelled by spring and autumn rain,
Four charming lakes of wide expanse,
Lie sheltered by the leaf-clad hills;
Whose sparkling waters gather strength
From coolest spring and clearest rills.

Beneath their waves, the wary trout
Cleave the clear water as they play,
Or tempted by the bright-winged fly,
Dart to the surface for their prey.
The screaming loon, betokening storm,
Swift cuts the air in stately flight,
Or proudly sailing with the breeze,
Dives to escape the fowler's sight.

On the green banks, the lofty trees
Fling out their branches to the sky,

Now sighing with the morning breeze,
  Now echoing to the cuckoo's cry.
The air is filled with sweet perfumes
  Of fragrant mosses, and of vines,
Mingled with odors grand and full,
  From hemlock, balsam, and the pines.

Charming retreat from haunts of men,
  And city's busy, bustling strife,
I long to tread thy shores again,
  There to renew my "lease of life."
The bracing ride on stage-coach top,
  The murmuring stream, the village bell,
The shadow on that range of hills
  Whereon my eye delights to dwell;
The throwing off of every care,
  The easy lounge, and grateful rest,
Stanch buckboard, way-side spring, —
  Each in their turn give zest.

I long to joint my tapering rod,
  And cast the bright and tempting fly;
To see them float upon the stream,
  Or hover 'twixt the lake and sky;
To watch the rise, to swiftly strike,
  To feel the breath come hard and thick,
To press my fingers on the reel,
  And hear the music of its click.

. . . .

"Come, see! the west is tinged with red,
The cove is gently rippled o'er;
There's waiting sport for us to-night,
We'll net, my boy, at least a score."

. . . .

"Just one more cast, I yet can see
That miller's white and dainty wing;
Hold! there he comes, strike quick and hard;
Oh! don't he make that leader sing!
He's doubling on you, look out, sir!
He knows the game, just see him cut!
I'll risk my rod to save that trout:
Stand by now Frank, he's got the butt."

It bends — almost a circle now,
There's music — not another inch;
Good-by, old rod, you're stanch and true,
But yet — ha, ha! Sir Trout, you flinch.
"He's winded, sir" — "The net, please, Frank."
(Head first, my beauty, if you please.)
He'll turn the scale at four, sir, sure;
Well, that's not bad for joints like these.
Up anchor, boys! the shadows fall,
The mist is slowly settling down;
Said one, as trudging to our camp:
"God made the country, man the town."